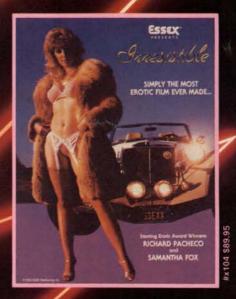


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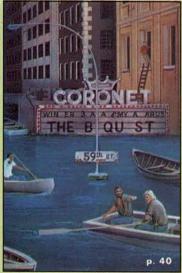
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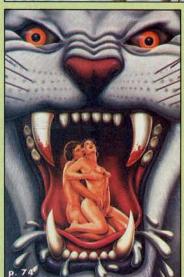
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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



I'm Back!

really thought I could retire. When I announced last April that I would be stepping down as Publisher of HUSTLER Magazine, I sincerely thought the time was right for such a move. And, of course, I was fully secure in the knowledge that my wife, Althea, would provide HUSTLER with outstanding leadership as Publisher.

But I found that my heart was really with HUSTLER. As I said before, the magazine is like a child to me. To stay away from something that is so much a part of me became more than I could bear. So I've decided to return and resume my duties as Publisher.

The volume of mail I received after announcing my retirement was one of the most heartwarming things that has ever happened to me. The letters proved something to me beyond a doubt: HUSTLER readers wanted me back. That was a determining factor in my decision to return. I've never ignored the demands of HUSTLER readers, and I'm not about to start.

Of course, Althea will also continue as HUSTLER Publisher with me. She deserves all the credit in the world for taking charge when I was shot. And during the ensuing $4\frac{1}{2}$

years, while I was suffering excruciating pain, her hard work helped keep HUSTLER's quality and reputation intact. Frankly, I couldn't have made it without her during that time, and I won't try to now.

Speaking of pain, there's another reason I'm coming back. Recently I underwent a major operation, and the results were successful. For the first time since I was shot, I'm no longer suffering great pain continuously. While I'm not able to assume a full schedule, I am able to participate a few hours several days each month.

Now I'm ready to get on with the business at hand, which is publishing the best magazine of its kind in the world. And the way I'll do that is the way I've always done it—by listening to the people who buy it. I will continue to give the readers what they want, because in the long run I'm not the one who has made HUSTLER what it is today. You, the readers, get credit for that.

Lary Flynt Publisher



No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents.

Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered physical, sexual or emotional abuse and neglect (many cases go unreported). At least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths. And if you think child abuse is confined to any particular race, religion, income group or social stratum, you're wrong. It's

everybody's problem.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Child abuse doesn't have to happen. Eighty percent of all abusers could be helped, with your help. Your community needs your aid in forming crisis centers, self-help programs for abusers, and other grass roots organizations. Please. Please write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

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SIOWEIRIL

Year's package with an annual feature that has become part of the HUSTLER tradition. Our 8TH ANNUAL UNBIASED REVIEW OF MEN'S MAGAZINES is presented this year with a hilarious twist by the quick-witted comedian MURRAY LANGSTON (THE UNKNOWN COMIC). Proving that one can indeed achieve stardom by wearing a paper sack over the head. Langer packs over the head. Langer

paper sack over the head, Lang-Murray Langston ston's bag of tricks has been seen on dozens of television programs, including an unprecedented 150 appearances on *The Gong Show*. As you'll see, our interviewer had quite a time watching and listening as the irrepressible comic studied the pages of 14 men's magazines, never suffering a loss of opinion or sharp comeback for our intrepid journalist. The session was an experi-

ence both will long remember.

For the shocking report on what many scientists believe will be our planet's undoing, we called on a veteran writer whose journalistic experience has taken him deep into the field of ecological research. In THE GREENHOUSE EFFECT: END OF THE WORLD?, LEE QUARNSTROM analyzes with frightening clarity how man's disregard for the environment has placed us at the brink of global destruc-

tion. A former Executive Editor of HUSTLER, Quarnstrom is now a reporter and freelance writer. His deep concern for the environment has inspired many articles on the subject, as well as encouraged him to make his home in the unpolluted area of Santa Cruz, California.

This month's fiction can be described as a nightmare on paper. Author

FRANK LAUMER's story, WHITE FURY, was inspired by a recurring dream. According to Laumer, "In my nightmare I was being pursued by a giant white panther. The image was terrifying. It stuck with me for months. Finally, I decided to write this story—when I completed it, the nightmare left me." In this tale a Vietnam vet returns to his home in southern Florida after





being away for 15 years, only to find terror and death in the form of a huge white cat waiting for him. A Florida real-estate broker for 25 years, Laumer has also written a book called *Massacre!*, based on a historical battle between Florida settlers and Indians in 1835. This is his first contribution to HUSTLER.

What goes through the man's mind when his lover decides to undergo an abortion? Rarely is this sensitive subject approached, but in our Sex Play, MEN AND ABORTION, writer JOHN

TIDO examines both the physical and psychological effects such an experience may have on the male. A former Executive Editor of Stag Magazine, Tido has written extensively on a number of sexual topics, including an article in January's CHIC, The Private Sex Lives of Hookers.

A holiday HUSTLER just wouldn't be complete without our annual answer—or is it insult?—to Madison Avenue.

HUSTLER'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

GUIDE, a hilariously satirical look at "new products," is the brainchild of Bits & Pieces Editor BRUCE HELFORD. As the resident humorist who knocks you out month after month with his Honey scripts and Bits & Pieces items, Helford offers up his latest creation. After conceiving the bizarre gift suggestions, he went to the drawing board with veteran HUSTLER Production De-

signer RALPH FOWLER, who single-handedly constructed each of the "gifts" right down to the most painstaking detail. Then Helford and Fowler turned over the finished products to staff photographer LADI VON JANSKY. Responsible for virtually all of HUSTLER's self-produced photo humor, von Jansky has an uncanny knack for capturing ev-

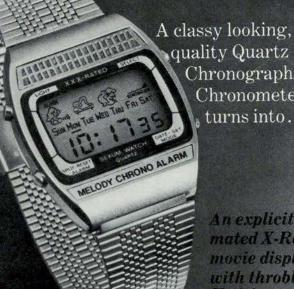
ery comedic detail on film. His camera also shot the scandalous photograph of Murray Langston that accompanies this month's review of men's magazines.

And, of course, we've created four scintillating girl pictorials that are hot enough to keep you warm all winter. This special holiday HUSTLER is our way of wishing you and yours a Happy New Year!



Ralph Fowler, Bruce Helford and Ladi von Jansky

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Missing Person: I don't think you showed enough of your October 1982 covergirl. I'd love to see the body and face that belong to that fantastic ass. I hope to see a pictorial of this "mystery woman" in an upcoming issue. —D. J.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

You will see her in a full photo-spread in an upcoming issue of our sister publication CHIC. Watch for it.

John Belushi: One thing in your October 1982 issue that really pissed me off was Dan Collins' cartoon of John Belushi. I think Collins should get his facts straight before creating another dumbass cartoon like that one. Belushi was not a junkie, as Dan Aykroyd (who knew him better than anyone else did) stated in People magazine. I am not the only person who feels this way about your cartoon. It was tasteless and stupid.

-Tim Waites Morgan City, Louisiana

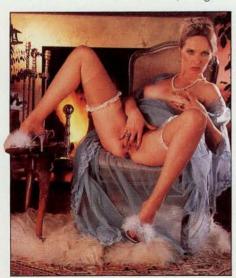
50-Year-Old Centerfold: Congratulations! HUSTLER has finally shown some taste for real beauty by featuring 50-year-old Shirley in the October 1982 issue. Shirley is by far one of the most beautiful centerfolds you have ever displayed.

—John Baker Memphis, Tennessee

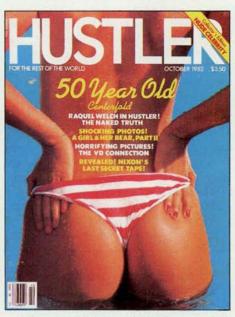
Shirley: 50-Year-Old Centerfold sure is one gorgeous lady. We hope you'll have more women over 45 posing for pictorials in the future. She should know that we appreciated seeing a more-mature woman, because younger models are getting to be a drag. They don't have the class and dignity that women her age have.

—T. O. S.

Alexandria, Virginia



Shirley: 50-Year-Old Centerfold



More, more! More of Shirley, your 50-year-old centerfold! How about a totally nude pictorial next time? She's a dream-come-true. And how about more older ladies in upcoming issues? I'm a 33-year-old male who truly appreciates these sexy women. And I don't mean girls!

—Ron Fischer Chevy Chase, Maryland

I'm 21 years old, and I love older women. I was living with a 43-year-old for two years, and it was the best sex experience of my life. I have been with ladies who are between the ages of 16 and 25, but I get turned on more by women 40 and up. After seeing your centerfold of Shirley, my cock is hard for her day and night. That's one fine wine I'd like to lick.

—Troy J. Cobb Boulder, Colorado

I really enjoyed Shirley, your October 1982 centerfold. Women of that age have a certain air of dignity about them, and she certainly radiates that dignity and charm. I hope you'll start putting other over-50 models to work for you, even if they are sagging, fat-assed, big-thighed or whatever. I found Shirley one tremendous turn-on, and I bet a lot of other guys did too.

-Name Withheld by Request Quantico, Virginia

Shirley, your 50-year-old centerfold, was terrific. She has a beautiful body for a woman that age, and she appeals to older men like myself. Please continue to give us more of Shirley or other attractive 50-year-olds in ultrasheer stockings, garter belts and high heels.

– Ken Stapleton Dayton, Ohio Pure Gold: Your Gold Fingers pictorial in the October 1982 issue was terrific! I'm fascinated by models and exotic dancers who specialize in covering their bodies with gold and silver metallic paint to perform beautiful poses and dances. I suggest that in a future pictorial you feature two models, one painted silver and the other painted gold, and call the layout The Gilty Pair.

-Colonel M. J. West Williamsburg, Virginia

Three-Breasted Trina: I like to look at your magazine because it makes me feel good. You put some nice-looking women in HUSTLER. I could make love to your September 1982 centerfold, Trina: A Very Special Lady, all night. I love her three tits, and I hope you keep putting women like her in your magazine. She says that when some men saw her breasts, their cocks went limp. Well, when I saw her, my cock went straight up!

—John McGuire Jessup, Maryland

I recently saw your September 1982 centerfold, Trina: A Very Special Lady. I found her body to be quaint, not repulsive, as some of my associates did. To a man like myself, her handicap is



only a minor one. She shouldn't feel inadequate if men don't want to make love to her. I, for one, would make love to her with or without her minor handicap.

Few of us are physically perfect. If a man really cared about her, he wouldn't worry whether or not she had three breasts.

—J. L. Carter Jr. Augsburg, West Germany

Trina is one of the best-looking women I have ever seen. I agree that she's one in a million. But I think it's a shame that someone with her good looks should have to go through the hell of surgery in order to get men to appreciate her. It is clear that she wants a man who would love her for her mind as well as her body. She sounds like the kind of woman I would love to get to know.

-Name and Address Withheld by Request

How could *Trina*, your September 1982 HUSTLER Honey, think of mutilating that absolutely gorgeous bod?

Having three breasts may be a genetic defect, but I think it works to her advantage. All three of her breasts are wonderfully shaped, identical and seemingly soft to the touch. The only problem I can see is that she may have problems finding bras that will fit her. Truly, she has a wonderful body and a sweet, gentle face. She is a man's delight!

Imagine: a hand on each breast and a mouth in the middle! —Annette Zainer Dallas, Texas

Freak Show? Your magazine started to go downhill with August 1982's centerfold, Lulu, the two-ton toy. Come on, HUSTLER, what's erotic about two tons of flesh to the average man? Then you hit us with a three-titted centerfold in September. If I want sex freaks, I'll buy

Club International. Then, in October, you gave us somebody's grandmother for a centerfold. Nothing against Grandma Shirley, because she is a stately looking woman for being 50 years old. But her pictures will not join the centerfold pictorials on the wall of my shop. Instead, they will be placed in a deep, dark desk drawer with the centerfold spreads of "two-ton" Lulu and "threetitted" Trina.

—Name and Address Withheld by Request

What the fuck is going on with your magazine? First we get a big fat hog as your August 1982 centerfold. Then we get a three-titted cunt for September. Finally, your October issue featured an old bag, and something called *Gold Fingers* who was painted gold and had no hair.

Let me guess. You can't afford decent models anymore; so you've resorted to using girls who can't get work anywhere else. To those you added a discarded, gold-painted J. C. Penney mannequin.

> —James B. Pearson St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands

Lulu Lovers: While reading your October 1982 Feedback section, I was dismayed that four people (John Raynor, Gary Giesel, Paul Green and Gary Vasitas) wrote in to say they apparently

can't see past their own ideas of what should be printed for their enjoyment.

They don't understand that quite a few men out there like fat women in bed as well as in photo-layouts. We lovers of large women can thank HUSTLER for recognizing this fact with its August 1982 centerfold, Lulu.

As for the person who wrote to state that she is a "big, beautiful woman" herself, I would like to meet her and any other fat women. I dated one a while back until she left me for someone else.

-Robert R. Brinkman Los Angeles, California

I'm a woman with a question for John Raynor, who wrote a letter to Feedback in the October 1982 issue complaining about Lulu, your August centerfold. Mr. Raynor, do you have a nine-inch cock? If so, please stick it in your tiny little ass!

Believe me, HUSTLER, you don't need this narrow-minded chauvinist pig for a customer anyway. Keep up the good work!

—Cyndy White Joplin, Missouri

I don't care what anyone else in Feedback says. I'd fuck the shit out of Lulu if given the chance. Those people who wrote in saying how ugly she is probably don't know that fat women need love as much as any other women. Who knows?—she might be a virgin. Or better yet, maybe my whole hand and arm could get into that big pussy.

Andrew Bozeman
 Miami, Florida

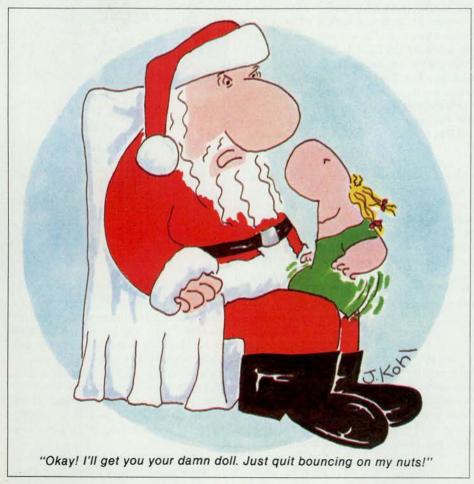
Herpes Help: I've been trying to deal with my case of herpes for the last year; so obviously HUSTLER's Updated Guide to VD (October 1982) was a little late for me. Herpes was the last thing on my mind when I was infected, and the lass I was sleeping with swore she knew nothing about it.

I have been a fervent reader of HUSTLER for the past five years and have seen quite a few of your "shocking" cartoons, articles and pictorials. None of them, though, was more informative than Ben Pesta's report. I'm sure you saved a lot of your readers from the pain and anguish I am experiencing.

I would like to ask you to publish any and all information on the progress made in stamping out herpes. I am anxiously awaiting a cure so I can become normal again.

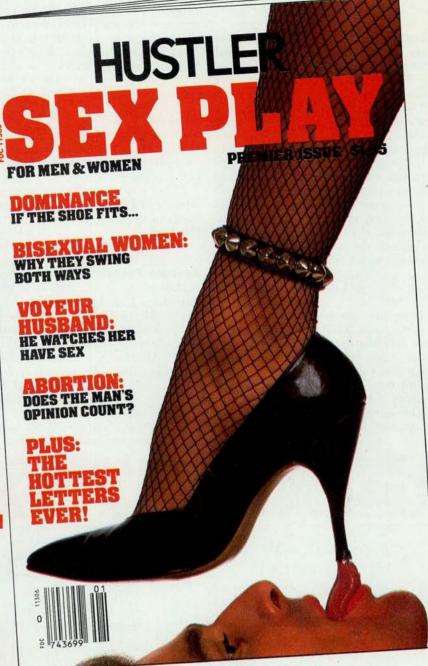
—Name and Address Withheld by Request

HUSTLER has been ahead of the news on the herpes problem ever since we published our first <u>VD Guide</u> back in December 1976. We will continue to keep our readers up-to-



en and women who don't keep pace with changes in sexual attitudes can't expect to know the score. That's why HUSTLER has created SEX PLAY—a dynamic new digest that frankly but tastefully explores human sexuality. SEX PLAY offers the best in witty, informative features, stimulating self-help articles, entertaining fiction and the most erotic letters ever put in print. With an outlook that's authoritative, positive and upfront, SEX PLAY will help you become a better lover. But don't take our word for it—fill out the coupon below and find out for yourself!

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date on the subject. Watch for more information in Advise & Consent and the "Update" section at the end of Bits & Pieces.

More on Duke: Since I am a David Duke fan from way back, I purchased your November 1982 issue to examine the Feedback on your September 1982 interview with Duke.

I would like to say that the coon who wrote in saying that niggers built most of this country is full of shit. While the nigger was in the cotton field, the spic in the bean field and the gook in the rice field, the white race was in a constant state of advancement.

If we made the black ghettos in this country Ground Zero in any future nuclear wars, there would be a marked decrease in the crime rate, not to mention our welfare rolls.

> -Charles Johnston Los Angeles, California

Your interview with David Duke in the September 1982 issue just goes to show how many whites still hate blacks. Duke is just bold enough to stand up and publicly announce his hatred. Well, I'm just as prejudiced about whites as he is about blacks, and I wish HUSTLER would interview me. Then I could speak on this issue. -Mrs. Coats Opelika, Alabama

Last Secret Nixon Tape by Dr. Walter F. Fergeson (October 1982). It should have won the "Brown Ribbon Award" that you featured for turds in that month's Bits & Pieces. It was undoubtedly the biggest piece of shit ever printed by -Terry L. Brown HUSTLER. South Lake Tahoe, California

Grossed Out: You really grossed me out with your pictorial on the turd contest in the October Bits & Pieces. You were very sick to put that in your alreadysick magazine.

I wish you would stick to serving the purpose of a men's magazine: providing eye-opening photo-spreads of lovely, lust--Joe Cocke filled ladies.

San Antonio, Texas

Asshole Facts: I must say that your Asshole of the Month section is always intriguing. I am impressed by the way your publication always states the facts and how well you back up your opinions with them. I admire magazines like HUSTLER that are well researched. I feel your point is always well made.

-D. L. H. Barstow, California

I can't thank you enough for naming Robert Nimmo, head of the Veterans

Nixon's Last Tape: I just read The Administration, as October 1982's Asshole of the Month. I've been involved in an attempt to get him kicked out of office for some time. In fact, right now I am working on a project in which 48 other veterans and myself will travel to Washington to stage a protest.

> Please keep up the good work. Abused and forgotten veterans like myself need all the help they can get.

> > - John W. Scacco Prospect, Connecticut

Honey: I've been reading HUSTLER for years, and one of the best features in your magazine has always been Honey. I've been collecting this cartoon strip since artists like Fred Fernandez and Jim McQuade were illustrating it. Now that Tom Garst is doing the art for Honey, it's still one of your finest features. Please tell Mr. Helford and Mr. Garst to keep up the good work!

> -Ashley Oliver Walker Hartsdale, New York

Kinky Comments: "Your Money or Your Wife," in the October 1982 issue, was the best Kinky Korner story I've ever read. I find the idea of being forced to watch my wife have sex with another man very erotic. I think you should put out another publication: "The Best of HUSTLER Fiction and Kinky Korner." Sometimes words can be more cockraising than pictures. -Ted Wilder Fraser, Michigan

Your October 1982 Kinky Korner sure burned my ass! If I had been the man in that story whose wife was being violated, I would have beaten the everlovin' shit out of the guy who "won" my wife in a poker game. To top it off, his wife loved having sex with another man! When it comes to women, I think God made a mistake. A piece of raw hamburger meat has more sensitivity than a woman when she "needs" sex.

> -Stephen Gits Willmar, Minnesota

X-Rated Time: I really appreciate your X-Rated Reviews. I enjoy a wellproduced movie with good acting, a good story and good cinematography, and your reviewers are meticulous about pointing these things out in the films they review. I do wish, though, that you would include the running times of each of these movies so that I could check with theater showtimes to make sure I'll be seeing uncut versions.

> - Jon Cleveland La Mesa, California

Your wish is our command. Starting with this issue, the running time will be included in all X-Rated Reviews. 24



THANX AND \$2570 W.B., AUBURN N

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

A woman who was ejected from a restaurant for breast-feeding her infant son has asked the Maryland Human Relations Commission to affirm the rights of mothers to nurse in public. Eva Whitley, the 27-year-old mother, says she is discreet when she nurses in public, but insists on her right to breast-feed at the table when dining out. "You wouldn't want to eat your dinner in the restroom," Whitley said. "Why should my baby have to?" Jean Sanders, part-owner of CJ's Restaurant, asked Whitley to leave the premises because she feared other patrons might be offended. Sanders was quoted as saying, "I know that's the natural thing to do, but you can't do that in here. This is a family restaurant."

Police in Sunderland, England, have called off a massive manhunt for a rapist who allegedly assaulted two young women. The supposed victims admitted they'd cut themselves and then ran screaming "rape" as a lark. Jeanette McCluskey, 18, and June Bellanie, 20, confessed they'd dreamed it all up at a drinking session, then slashed themselves about the face, neck and chest with the jagged edge of a broken beer can. McCluskey also punched herself in the face, bruising it. The women, who had supplied police with a description of a local rape suspect that they had read in the paper, were fined \$140 each.

A Massachusetts entrepreneur, latching onto what could become one of the bigger growth industries around, has started a dating service for herpes sufferers. Brent Deck--a 31-year-old engineer who is himself one of the 20 million victims of the fast-spreading, incurable venereal disease--has begun distributing fliers for his New Day Introductions to physicians across the country. Subscriptions sell for \$75 a year or \$20 a date. "The service is to help people with genital herpes meet other people with it on a confidential basis," Deck said.

The first live television show starring dead people is in the planning stages for cable TV. Each segment of the series, produced by the Los Angeles firm Videography, will feature three seances conducted by recognized and established mediums from around the world. Listeners who submit money will be able to phone in for direct live contact with their own dearly departed. Producer Bob Kriger says that strict controls will be instituted to prevent accusations of trickery.

Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Tinker Bell, Goofy and other Walt Disney characters may be joining the powerful Teamsters Union. Goofy, or at least the person who dresses up as Goofy, told the "New York Times": "I've been talking to a representative of the Teamsters. We're organizing, man. This is the big time." He says those who pose as Disney characters are unhappy with management policies at Disney World, which is located near Orlando, Florida.

A 23-year-old woman who took nude photographs of herself as a present for her boyfriend has sued K Mart Corporation, claiming a store employee made extra prints and distributed them. Lisa Lewis of Kalamazoo, Michigan, took a roll of 30 nude pictures of herself to a local K Mart store to be developed, and later discovered the employee had given extra prints to his friends.

Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, police officers rescued a statue of Ronald McDonald from "kidnappers" who had snatched it from outside a McDonald's restaurant. The culprits had demanded a ransom of 150 hamburgers, 150 milk shakes and one diet soda to go. The fiberglass statue of Ronald was seized from a car, and 20-year-old Samuel McClain and 21-year-old Carmine D'Amico were arrested. They had threatened to "melt the clown into ashtrays for a competing restaurant."

Los Angeles lawyer Merle H. Horowitz has come out with a manual dealing with what for many lovers is a taboo subject—who gets what when they split up. Horowitz's book is called "Love Is Love, But Business Is Business," and includes tear—out contracts covering areas like leasing, child support, property, debts, living expenses... and season tickets.

Ann Challa has made a business out of laughing. The Hollywood woman charges comedians \$100 and up for sitting in the audience and cracking up at their jokes. Her professional laughter is reportedly infectious enough to ignite the entire house. Challa also holds the world record for the longest laughfour hours and six minutes.

John Holmes Offers...

HOPE FOR SMALL MEN

The Incredible John Holmes Super Pump Has Helped Thousands Of Men To **Overcome The Problems And Insecurities** Of A Penis That Is Too Small!

pecially when they're about to perform with a

Annie recommends the fabulous John Holmes Super Pump. Why? Let Annie tell you, in her own way, in this frankly fictitious interview with porn's incredible Mr. Stud. This dramatization shows an answer you may have been searching for.

Annie: Mr. Stud, I've seen quite a few of your better films and I've got to admit you've turned me on many times. You always look so confident, so sure of yourself with women. Did you always have that masterful touch?

Mr. Stud: Actually, no, Annie . I know a lot of people are going to be surprised by this, but before I got into films, I was terribly insecure about myself. I was awkward and worried about all sorts of things. Mostly, I just scared myself into feelings of rejection.

Annie: What did you do? How did you overcome it?

Mr. Stud: I was very lucky. I met a warm loving woman who wasn't afraid to go to bed with me-in spite of my size. I know it sounds ridiculous, but being too big has its own handicaps. I used to think I'd hurt a woman, and it made me gun-shy, so to speak. But I can really understand a guy who feels he's too small to please a woman.

Annie: I think I know what you mean. I really do. I know I prefer a man who's got a good technique in bed. That counts for a lot. But if I had to choose between two men who were both terrific lovers, I have to admit I'd go for the one with a bigger penis first. It's just a natural female preference.

Mr. Stud: I've heard it both ways, Annie That size doesn't mean as much as technique, and that size is the only thing that matters. Does bigger really mean better?

Annie: Speaking for myself, definitely yes! I enjoy looking at a big penis, fondling it and holding it. And when I'm making love, the feeling of really being filled completely is what gets me off every time!

Our Annie knows men! She understands the complex problems "small" men can have, es- a guy who's well hung like—well, like me. Or even with a lover who's amply endowed. But what about the guy who's undersized and who may feel somewhat inadequate? He needs some loving, too.

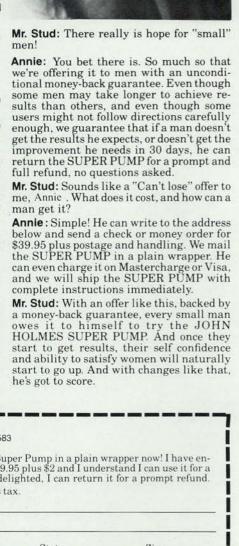
BREAKTHROUGH

Annie: Fortunately there is something for the man with a small penis. It was developed in England by a doctor, just to solve this problem. Medical science is skeptical, but already there is a study published by a prominent doctor that shows that the penis can be made larger. Actually longer and thicker!

Mr. Stud: If what you say is true, Annie, then there is real hope for the man who feels he is too small. What is this device or method?

THE JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP

Annie: Quite simply, John, it's a personal suction device. Just follow the instructions and its safe and simple to use. The penis fits inside, and you can see what's happening through the transparent sheath. I've seen it in use, and the results seemed amazing!





J.H. Products, Dept. JMH247 P.O. Box 1047, Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583

Sirs: Rush my John Holmes Super Pump in a plain wrapper now! I have enclosed my check or m.o. for \$39.95 plus \$2 and I understand I can use it for a full 30 days, and if I am not delighted, I can return it for a prompt refund. N.Y. & Ct. residents add sales tax.

Name Address_

___State____Zip___

____Intbk#____ ☐ MC ☐ Visa Exp___

Account#_



Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address it to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Hairy Cock: I have very thick hair growing halfway up my penis. My wife would like me to have it removed. Is there any safe way to do this? —S. B.

Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Dr. Cappy Rothman, an expert in male sexuality and urology, says the hair can be shaved if care is used. However, he also warns that the hair will begin to grow back and that your wife may find the stubble even more repelling! Rothman says some men with your problem use hair-removal products, such as Nair—but he doesn't recommend them, because depilatories are not intended for use near the sensitive genitalia. And once again you would face the problem of the hair growing back.

If the condition bothers your wife so much that your sexual relationship is threatened, see a urologist and ask about electrolysis, which is a more-permanent form of hair removal. Even with this process, however, there can be regrowth of 20% to 25% of the hair. Electrolysis is also very painful and expensive.

Home Test: I am a 41-year-old man with a sexual disorder. I seem to be having lots of discharge from my cock lately, and it hurts when I urinate. Do I have a venereal disease? Don't tell me to go to a doctor, because I can't afford it. I also can't afford to have my wife find out I have a problem with my genitals.

—Y. R. Azusa, California

With symptoms like yours, you can't afford not to go to a doctor. Since you may also be infecting your wife with a serious venereal disease, you owe it to her as well to have the problem checked out.

While your symptoms sound most like gonorrhea, the only way to know for sure is to see a physician immediately. If it is gonorrhea, both you and your wife will probably be given penicillin, which should clear up the infection quickly.

For your added information, a company called International Research Distributors Inc. has just gained FDA approval to market a home test for gonorrhea. A receptacle is provided for sending a specimen to the firm

(along with a personal coded identification number to maintain your anonymity). If the results indicate VD, you still have to see a doctor for the proper medication. The test kit costs \$14.95 and can be ordered from International Research Inc. (P.O. Box 629, Dayton, OH 45459), or by calling its toll-free number, 800-792-4928.

Although the FDA now sanctions this test, we think you'd be better off just visiting a physician in the first place. If you really can't afford the fee, there is a free clinic in your area that will test and treat you without charge on Wednesdays from 8 to 10 a.m. You can contact Azusa Health Care Clinic at (213) 334-1201. Also, there is a national VD hotline operated by the American Social Health Association for recommendations to free clinics all over the United States. Its toll-free number is 800-227-8921 (in California, 800-982-5883), and the hours are 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. on weekdays and 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. on weekends.

Scabies: Isn't scabies a sexually transmitted disease? I am a 29-year-old male with an 18-year-old girlfriend. I haven't had sex with anyone but her during the past few months. However, I recently contracted scabies. My girlfriend says she hasn't had sex with anyone else, but I know I got scabies from her. I think

she got them when she was fucking another guy.

—T. L.

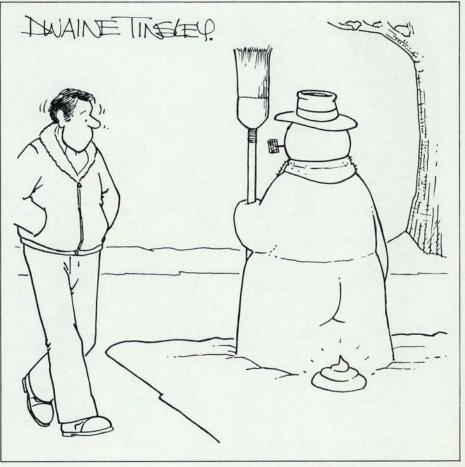
Lexington, Kentucky

Scabies is a sexually transmittable disease. But sex isn't the only way the tiny mites that cause the condition are passed on. You can get scabies by simply shaking hands with an infected person or by being exposed to contaminated clothing, sheets or towels. In other words, your girlfriend may very well be telling the truth.

For a person who has never had scabies before, it may take a month or longer after the female mite digs through the skin for a reaction to occur. During this period it's possible to spread the mites even though the infected person may not yet be aware of having scabies. A person who has had the condition before will show symptoms as soon as a day after reinfection.

Scabies in men usually affects the scrotum, but the mites can also live and hatch on the hands, elbows, arms and wrists. You might also notice them around the nipples, on the belly, in the folds of the buttocks, on the penis, on the feet and ankles and around the waist. In adults they are never found above the neck.

Lindane (or insecticide) creams such as Kwell or Gamene are effective medications against scabies. (Some people have an



allergic response to these creams. See a doctor immediately if a rash develops.) However, the itch and symptoms of scabies might not disappear for several weeks after treatment. This is because the skin irritation doesn't clear up as soon as the mites are destroyed. Many people don't understand this and become anxious when the itch persists.

The key with scabies is to be patient. If the medication has been used as directed and possible sources of reinfestation have been taken care of, the treatment will be effective.

Lesbian Whores: Do you know whether or not most prostitutes are lesbians? My college roommate says they are, but I find this hard to believe. Has anybody ever done any studies in this area?

—D. D.

Santa Monica, California

One such study was conducted by Jennifer James, an associate professor in the department of psychiatry and behavioral sciences at the University of Washington School of Medicine in Seattle. James reports that of the 600 prostitutes interviewed (most of them streetwalkers), only 3% said they were lesbian and only 12% bisexual.

According to James, those prostitutes who said they favored sex with women cited negative experiences with men ("all men are either pimps or tricks") and past encounters in prison as reasons for their preference.

Dressing Up: I am a 42-year-old man who likes to dress as a woman. I travel frequently for my company, and although I'd never wear female attire on the streets of my hometown, I would like to do so in the towns I visit. However, I want to know if it's against the law to wear women's clothing in public?

-H. G. Richland, Washington

The laws on cross-dressing in public vary from community to community. Many city ordinances specifically forbid men to wear women's clothing, says Ralph Slovenko, a professor of law and psychiatry at Wayne State University Law School in Detroit, Michigan. The same ordinances also forbid women to dress in men's clothing.

Because of changing fashion trends, however, many women nowadays wear pants, coats, shirts and ties. But men who wear female clothing are still rarely tolerated except during special events like the Mardi Gras festival in New Orleans.

According to Slovenko, police departments in a number of cities will issue an identification card allowing a transvestite or transsexual to cross-dress. The individual is usually asked to obtain a letter explaining his condition from the county or state health department. And many jurisdictions do not enforce dress-code ordinances at all. If you decide to step out as a female, you should check

the local laws with an attorney or the police department in those places you plan to visit.

Prison Visit: I'm a 22-year-old man in prison for robbery. I can't tell you what hell it is never having anyone write or visit me. A friend of mine says you once published the address of an organization that prisoners can contact for visits and letters.

—B. P.

Ottumwa, Louisiana

Try contacting Prisoner Visitation and Support. The group's national office is located at 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102. The telephone number is (215) 241-7117.

Vaginal Spermicides: When my girl-friend and I have sex, I constantly worry that my condom might break. In the March 1982 Advise & Consent you mentioned the use of contraceptive spermicidal foams. Please tell me where they can be purchased, how they're used and if they're safe.

—R. K.

Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Using a spermicide with a condom is a very effective form of birth control and should help to alleviate your worries about condom breakage. A spermicide is a substance that, when inserted into the vagina before sex, kills a man's sperm. Spermicides are available in most pharmacies and drugstores, and come in a variety of forms: aerosal foam, jellies, creams and suppositories. Deposited deep in the vagina near the cervix, the contraceptive is distributed by movements of the penis during intercourse.

Whatever form is used, the spermicide should be inserted no more than 15 to 30 minutes prior to a lovemaking session, and some experts advise using a double dose to ensure efficiency. Each time a couple has sex a new application of spermicide must be applied before intercourse. If the woman wants to douche, she must wait six to eight hours after coitus to avoid washing the spermicide away too quickly.

Not only are spermicides easily available without a prescription, but also they are simple to use and harmless, and they might help prevent venereal disease and vaginal infections. Used as a supplementary contraceptive method with condoms or an IUD, they become even more reliable. Disadvantages include the taste during oral sex (the foam can be inserted after oral sex and before intercourse) and the possibility of an allergic reaction or irritation of the vagina or penis (the brand can be changed if these occur).

Foam is considered the most effective of the spermicides because it is most easily distributed over the cervix. The "theoretical" failure rate is 2%. The actual failure rate has not been determined; studies show an average of 15%.



Bita & Pieces

ne man has very nearly succeeded in ruining Israel's world image as a peace-seeking, moral and noble nation. One way he's done this is by leading a military adventure that resulted in an unspeakable massacre. That man is Israel's Prime Minister Menachem Begin, HUSTLER's January Asshole of the Month.

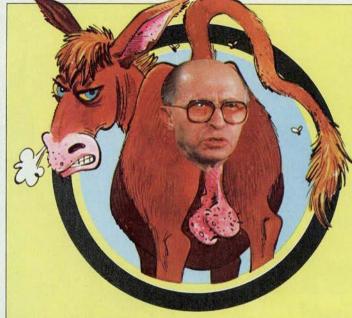
Begin first made a name for himself as a terrorist in the 1940s, leading on one occasion a slaughter of 250 Arab civilians. But that act pales in comparison to the crime against humanity that resulted from Begin's zealous foray last summer into neighboring Lebanon, a miserable, torn-up country where Muslim sects, Christian sects, Syrian occupiers and Palestinian guerrillas have been fighting on and off for years.

At first, Begin had cautious American support, because his goal was to get rid of Palestinian soldiers and terrorists who were time and again threatening Israel's borders. Nobody could deny that Begin had a right to keep those borders safe from a sworn enemy.

But he went beyond that. He had his forces sweep all the way up to Lebanon's capital, Beirut, and bombed it mercilessly for weeks, terrorizing the civilian population. After America helped negotiate a peace settlement, Palestinian soldiers were evacuated from Beirut and sent on their way.

Then the unspeakable happened. Israel sent its allied Lebanese militias into the areas where civilian Palestinian refugees lived. Israel and the whole world knew full well that these right-wing Christian armies detest all Palestinians and had massacred innocent civilians many times before.

But Begin's army sent them in, and for the next few days hundreds of horrified men, women and children were slaughtered. The killers slit throats and shot heads at pointblank range. They castrated young men before killing them.



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Menachem Begin

They would use one bullet to simultaneously kill a mother and an infant. They dragged people to death behind pickup trucks. The exact death toll will never be known, but most estimates are close to 1,000.

The world was shocked, but Begin apparently wasn't. For a while he refused to allow any investigations of the incident. And most cynical of all, he accused anybody who pointed the finger of blame at him as being anti-Semitic and insensitive to the Holocaust the Jews endured in Nazi Germany.

What could be more arrogant? What atrocity justifies another atrocity? Former President Jimmy Carter says that Begin considers all Palestinians "subhuman." Is that how he rationalizes having the blood of innocent children on his hands?

Crying "anti-Semitism" is a copout Begin has constantly used over the years. But it doesn't wash. Are the 400,000 Israelis who marched against Begin over the war and massacre in Beirut "anti-Semitic"? Are the Israeli government officials who quit in protest "anti-Semitic"? Are the majority of American Jews who are disgusted by Begin's policies "anti-Semitic"? Of course not, but Begin's callous answer is, "If American Jews are disloyal to us, we will get along without them."

That attitude is despicable. Begin is not Israel. And Begin is

not Judaism. He's one man who was elected to lead his country. and he's doing a damned poor job. Like most power-mad, selfrighteous and defiant politicians, he's a liar. He lied when he said the war would be limited to southern Lebanon. He lied when he told President Reagan that his troops would not take over Beirut after the evacuation of Palestinian soldiers. He lied when his cabinet released a statement saying the Israelis put an end to the massacre as soon as they heard of it. And he lied when he said "there is no guilty party in Israel."

The facts, as widely reported in the media, are damning to Begin. The Israeli-trained Christian militia was sent in to Palestinian residential areas by the Israeli army in a planned operation, even though no resistance was expected, and the number of armed Palestinians in the area was almost negligible. Further, Israeli soldiers could see what was going on from their command post. Worst of all, Begin let the killings continue a full 12 hours after the massacre had been publicized!

In the face of all this, Begin's defense that none of his soldiers pulled any triggers is a sick joke. The way he has stone-walled and discredited his critics is reminiscent of President Nixon's desperate behavior during the Watergate crisis. And it's a grotesque irony that his government's empty claims of not knowing what was going on have the same ugly ring as the Nazis' rhetoric after the Holocaust.

It's worth repeating that Begin is not Israel. The people of that country haven't changed; they remain true to the ideals of Judaism and democracy. They are outraged by the immoral actions of their leaders, just as Americans have had many occasions to be. Fortunately, the strength and morality of Israelis and Jews worldwide can overcome the deeds of Assholes like Menachem Begin.



Santa's Coming!

Christmas can be a miserable experience if you're alone. So for all you guys spending this holiday solo, here's a welcome tip on how to keep your spirits up. First, draw a chimney on your stroke hand. After that, cut out some pieces of red and white flannel and make a Santa

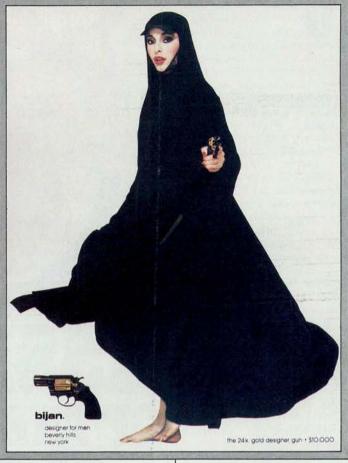
hat and beard to put on your dick.

Then you can make Christmas Eve real special by watching Santa get his jollies as he goes up and down the chimney until he comes to your house. Don't feel bad this year; just feel yourself.

Guns and Money

You don't have to be poor to shoot someone. Murder can be chic with this gun from a stylish Beverly Hills/New York designer salon called Bijan. You'll see some tasteless items in

HUSTLER's Christmas Gift Guide (pages 57-59), but none as senselessly dangerous as this real \$10,000, 24-karat gutblaster for the idle rich. Praise the Lord, and pass the caviar.

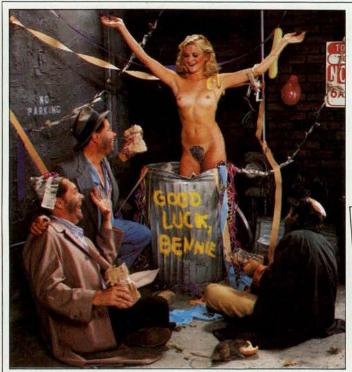






Real Roots

This photo was reportedly taken in Germany just before World War II. Apparently, the plan for a master race included vegetables. Maybe this rare shot inspired the phrase "hung like a horse-radish."



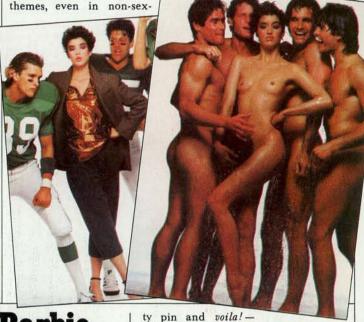
Hey, I'll Drink to That!

Know a wino who's about to get hitched, and can't decide how to send him off? Here's our suggestion—have a topless girl jump out of a garbage can! A few decorations to spruce up the alley, and the lucky guy'll have a bachelor party he'll never forget . . . until the next morning, anyway.

French Water Sports

If you've got to cool down a sizzling sex drive, take a cold shower. But take it alone! This daring fashion layout from the Paris edition of *Vogue* combines the robust game of football with the even more robust game of coed showers... and all the fun it implies. The French have always had a taste for racy

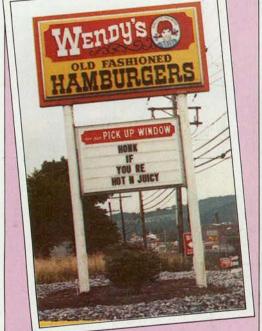
oriented magazines, which is a far cry from what is accepted here in the United States. Until our country's publications catch up, HUSTLER will continue to bring you the very breast...er... best of what's happening overseas.



Punk Barbie

If Barbie is going to keep up with the latest trends, toymakers are going to have to change her style. A leather jacket, tight slacks, a Mohawk haircut, a safe-

Punk Barbie. Dye that dull guy Ken's hair blue, and put a spiked collar around his neck for the perfect match. Maybe kids will have so much fun smashing these dolls together and giving them drugs, they'll forget to do it themselves.



Ready to Eat

If we're warm and moist, is it okay if we just flash our lights? Our heartfelt thanks to the sharp-eyed HUSTLER reader who snapped this sign message from the horn-y folks at a Pennsylvania fast-food restaurant. We're still wondering how he did at the pickup window.



The Stars Are Still Out

ekie Onassis

Lynda Carter

Britt Ekland

Lauren Hutton Marilyn Monro

Charlene Tilton

Ursula Andress

Valerie Perrin

Mand Adams

Jane Fonda

If you haven't already bought your copy of HUSTLER NUDE CELEBRITIES SPECIAL #1,

HUSTLER NUDE

then you're missing out on the greatest event in celebrity exposure since HUSTLER brought

you the nude Jackie O shots way back in 1976! And Jackie's here too, along with many of the female sex symbols you've longed to see without the trappings of fame and fortune, all laid bare for you. If your newsstand has run dry of this terrific collector's edition, just send \$3.95 plus \$1 for postage and handling to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944). Then sit back and watch the stars come out!



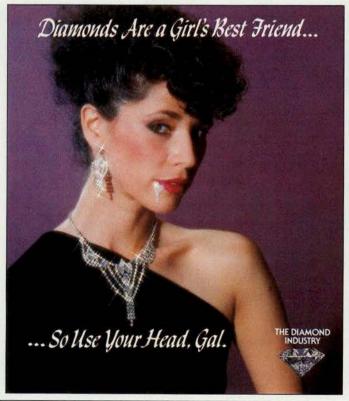
Silver Streaker

The price of silver may not be going up in the near future, but this beautifully done silver nude by photographer R. T. Edwards had a few things going up around here.

HUSTLER's done a variety of metallic nudes in its fantasy shootings too, but Edwards' work is still a sterling example of what an amateur lensman can accomplish with the right technique. It's an indication that inflation must be down. See how far a little loose silver can go?

A Gem of an Idea

It's made the headlines of newspaper business sections and magazines all over America: The diamond industry is in a terrible slump. Investors are putting their money into ventures more profitable than gems. What to do? Remind women that the way to a man's gifts is through his zipper. If they follow this advice, diamond sales will never go limp again, especially if women go down as often as the economy.





Rock 'n' Raw

The star-studded rock performances at the US Festival weren't the only things that were hot. Temperatures at the California rock gathering soared to over 110°! In order to pull off an outdoor event in that heat, the promoters had to let the crowd pull off a few things too. These shots, captured by professional photographer Jeff Slocomb, give you a behind-thescenes look at a few festivalgoers who weren't covered by the national media blitz-or much of anything else for that matter. If good rock can knock your socks off, this music must have been great.



And Step on It! lems-rising unemployment and miserable cab

Here's a sure cure for two of America's most nagging probdrivers who refuse to

make short hops. It's "Mr. Taxi"-a kit that turns an ordi-

nary out-of-work joe into a selfemployed man about town. All over town, as a matter of fact! The "Mr. Taxi" kit includes a taxi identification sign, head-

> lights, luggage and bright-yel-

uniform so you won't be run over in the dark! No expensive licenses, vehicles or insurance are needed to enter this lucrative profession. Just a strong back, strong arms and the pa-



He Ought to **Know Better**

Thanks to the Rockshots greeting-card company (51 W. 21st St., New York, NY 10010), Santa's going to make somebody laugh during this high-unemployment holiday season. This outrageous

> card, a sample from this year's Rockshots line of Christmas chucklers, is just the Yuletide greeting for those people who still believe in Santa, but are old enough to know that a guy who hangs out with a bunch of elves doesn't just get his kicks from looking under the tree for his milk and cookies. And if that jolly old perv holds true to the words of the songyou'd better not shout, and you'd better not cry!

Munchy Muzzle

This is not exactly the novelty gift for someone who's sensitive about his or her weight. The Fast-Ity Belt is a plastic muzzle (lock not included) that keeps things out of a dieter's mouth the way a chastity belt keeps things out of a different opening. It's \$5.95 from Contemporary Novelties Inc. (10758 Trenton, St. Louis, MO 63132).







Layin' Country Safari

It never fails. You take the family to one of those drive-through wild-animal parks, and some beast's gotta slip it to his gal right in front of your car! And then there are all those embarrassing questions from the kids. Sometimes it's safer just to watch Wild Kingdom on television.

Catty Women

These masterpusses of photo-retouching are more madness from Alfred Gescheidt. Capitalizing on the cat craze that's sweeping America, Gescheidt has

gone fantasy one better by replacing beauty with the beast. His works are available at most gift shops on post-cards produced by the American Post-card Co. Inc. (285 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012). Now you can mail your friends a little pussy.



Criminal Record

gerous! And like many criminals, this one is probably supporting a habit. You can tell he's been on

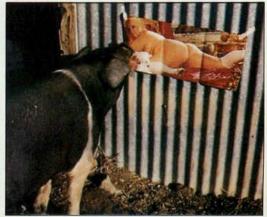
No wonder a guy can't get hired with | the needle. Just look closely—you can one of these behind him! They're dan- | even see the tracks!





Crack-in-the-Box

If the lady of your dreams is getting behind in her bills and money is tight, you might remind her that a piece of ass is a nice present to give a friend for a birthday. Or for any reason. If she won't go for that, maybe she'll at least buy you this clever birthday card from Nice 'n' Sleazy Photocards (P.O. Box 217, Inwood Station, New York, NY 10034). You just can't beat the real thing though—unless you're into that sort of kinky stuff. Still, it's the thought that counts, right?



Sow What?

Okay, who's the wise guy? Sure, Lulu "hammed" it up a bit in our August 1982 centerfold. But is that any reason to send us this? The way we see it, big women have something extra to offer. We're sure a lot of guys out there would *love* to have porked this generous helping of femininity.

Luckily, Lulu has a great sense of humor. She knows that with the popularity she's gained as a HUSTLER centerfold, she doesn't have to cast her oversized pearls before a swine like this!

The "Play" Is About to Begin!

HUSTLER's regular Sex Play column has become so popular, we decided to put out an entire magazine full of the same upto-date, vital information you find in that section. What's it called? SEX PLAY, of course! And it's more than just the facts you need to have a healthy, happy sex life. Besides answers to your most personal sex questions, SEX PLAY is full of erotic fiction, in-depth interviews, entertaining articles, hilarious cartoons and a batch of the hottest, most intimate readers' letters ever published!

Watch your newsstand for the premier appearance of the magazine that's going to help you through those awkward moments and put more "life" in your lifestyle-SEX PLAY. Or send \$1.95 plus \$1 for postage and handling to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944). This "Play" will open to great reviews everywhere!



Every Way **but Loose!**

No matter which position you prefer to play, Sex Positions, an upcoming photo-feature, will have you going out for a long one. Once you see what the HUSTLER mix of passion and beauty does to sexual positions. you'll never read an ordinary sex manual again without yawning. Join us and make it a threesome in a future issue of HUSTLER.



Most Tasteless Cartoon



"You jerks! Little kids eat these things!"

Dripping With Good Cheer

Ever wonder who delivers Godzilla's Christmas presents? Well, photo-artist Michael Sullivan seems to have answered the question with his bizarre "Santasaurus" greeting card from the Northern Exposure card company (GPO Box 216, New York, NY 10116). Sullivan is a frequent contributor to CHIC, and his monstrous creations are a strange sight to behold any time of year. Who says, "Not a creature was stirring" on the night before Christmas?



HUSTLER Update

MURDER BY GOVERNMENT October '80 HUSTLER reported that residents of St. George, Utah,



had filed a multimillion-dollar lawsuit against the U.S. government, blaming atmospheric atomic-bomb tests for unusually high levels of cancer and leukemia that have killed many of the town's citizens. At long last, the trial has begun, with only 24 of the 1,175 claims initially being heard in an effort to establish legal guidelines for the rest. Dr. Joseph L. Lyon, who was noted in our article, told the court that radioactive fallout was "the most likely cause" of 19 leukemia deaths among children living in southern Utah during the '50s. Ironically, he was hired last June by the government to do a five-year study of health effects of fallout on downwind residents. After his damaging testimony, his qualifications were attacked in court by that same government.

EDWARD KOCH February '80 Our Asshole of the Month column pointed out the hypocrisy of



the New York mayor's self-serving "John Hour" program. Using his power as mayor, Koch publicly humiliated men arrested for approaching hookers by reading their names over the city-owned broadcasting station. Reelected as mayor in 1981, he has just lost in his bid to win the Democratic nomination for the New York State governor's seat. Unfortunately, Koch can still use his mayoral position to snoop into New Yorkers' sex lives for another three years.

HUSTLER pays \$150 for Bits & Pieces items. Larry Flynt Publications retains

all rights to material accepted for publication, but we'll return original art on request (enclose SASE). For January, \$150 goes to R. T. Edwards, Joseph McGinty, Harold W. Overstreet, Steve Pettit, Franco Piras and Jeff Slocomb.



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Edited by Dave Yuzo Spector

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better productions.

American Girls

Fully Erect. Produced by Jim Hunter; directed by Max Altman; written by Bill Eagle; starring Cassie Blake, Jacqueline Noir, Jillian Nichols, Laura Lazare, Joanna Storm, Jade Laneer, K. C. Valentine and Brandy O'Shea. Running time: 87 minutes.

If you were to put into a computer what most people think are the ingredients needed to make a perfect adult movie, the



'All American Girls': Jacqueline Noir displays her better side.

result would probably be All American Girls. Its goal is beautifully simple: lots of girls, lots of sex and lots of style.

Cassie Blake plays a millionairess living in England who flies over six of her former sorority sisters from California for a reunion. Blake, who projects



In 'All American Girls,' Cassie Blake coaches maid Laura Lazare on the finer points of housekeeping.

an image not unlike Marilyn Chambers, lives in a mansion the size of Buckingham Palace. Blake's generous invitation has one condition: Each girl has to relate her naughtiest, most erotic sexual adventure.

By far, the sexiest episode involves an art student (Jillian Nichols) who gets picked up in Paris by two Frenchmen. They speak no English, but the sprightly Nichols-a Teri Garr lookalike-doesn't need much verbal communication. In one of this reviewer's favorite scenes of all time, they fuck their international brains out in a hayloft amid lively French music and bottles of wine.

Another highlight has K. C. Valentine and Brandy O'Shea as two bored but horny girls at caught by an audience of stuffed shirts, they start to flash their pussies at a young violinist. The bulge in his pants nearly knocks over his music stand.

The girls' stories keep on coming. In one, Joanna Storm plays a stewardess who seduces Jade Laneer into a threesome with her boyfriend during a layover in Japan. Laneer's emaciated Saigon B-girl look isn't very appealing, but the split-second shots of the trio switching sexual positions make it a unique scene.

Blake, the group's hostess, saves the best for last. She relates the time she had to give her professor a blowjob to get passing grades-right in the middle of a crowded, fancy restaurant. The diners soon catch a violin recital. Risking being on to what's happening, and Blake's slurping activity becomes everyone's main entree.

While the storyline of All American Girls is admittedly convenient, the top-notch photography, huge cast and fast pace easily put it in the "guaranteed-to-satisfy" department. Do yourself a patriotic favor and catch All American Girls it may become your most erotic adventure. -D. Y. S.

Stewardess Joanna Storm shows off her new "uniform" in 'Girls.'



This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

FULLY ERECT

Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.

HALF ERECT

So-so. This may get you off, but its appeal is limited.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.

TOTALLY LIMP

A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.



In 'Body Magic,' Kathleen Kristel proves that everyone has a wild side.

Body Magic

Three-Quarters Erect.
Produced by Mark Corby;
directed and written by
Sven Conrad; starring Rick Ardonne, Kathleen Kristel and Joey
Silvera. Running time: 88 minutes.

There is so much to like in Body Magic, you may wonder why all adult movies can't be as good. In an industry known for taking shortcuts, it's nice to see an offering with so much thought behind it. Unlike many other porn movies, Body Magic leaves the viewer with a positive feeling about sexual relationships, and it successfully tackles the tough job of integrating romance with hard-core sex.

The casting in Body Magic is its biggest coup. The lead char-

acter is played by Rick Ardonne, a Clint Eastwood lookalike who possesses the same macho coolness as the star himself. It's hard to believe this is Ardonne's first movie. Equally commendable is another newcomer, Kathleen Kristel. Topping out the cast are more than 20 models and dancers, all of whom are visually pleasing.

Ardonne portrays a fashion photographer experiencing a mid-life crisis. Like most lensmen, he gets a healthy share of beautiful women. But his narration suggests he wants more out of life. It may be difficult to feel sorry for a guy who gets too much pussy, but Ardonne does convince us that you can't go without love forever.

Kristel, playing his red-haired stylist, appears as an unattrac-

a surprising turn. Looking for something to relieve his boredom, Ardonne decides to stop by Kristel's dance class. The camera closes in on the sweaty, exhausted bodies of the hardworking dancers and brings out their raw eroticism. At this point, in a high-energy sequence that could be the "All That Jizz" version of the movie All That Jazz, Ardonne fantasizes about Kristel turning into

tive girl with the self-confidence of a shopping-bag lady. The impressionable Kristel has a crush

on Ardonne, but the beauties

surrounding him make her situ-

This is where the story takes

ation seem hopeless.

a sexy woman.

Encouraged by Ardonne's appearance, the stylist works at transforming herself into one hot-looking babe. The tables are turned, and now Ardonne lusts after her. They go out on a romantic date, and Kristel charms the pants off her boss. But in a courageous move she turns down his sexual overtures, and they part for the evening.

You'll have to see the picture to find out if they ever get it on. More interesting, however, is Kristel's turnabout from a dog to a fox. Only the slick photo sessions with a bevy of knockouts come close to matching this newcomer as the movie's high point.

Because the film takes risks, it may not receive equal enthusiasm from all audiences. But it's important to recognize a production that utilizes two first-time actors, pulls off a sensitive love story that doesn't skimp on sex, and is entertaining for both men and women. In that regard, Body Magic lives up to its title.

—D. Y. S.

The Mistress

One-Quarter Erect. Produced by Bernardo Spinelli; directed and written by Jack Remy; starring Kelly Nichols, Brook West, Anna Turner, Susan Kay, Juliet Anderson, Eric Edwards and Randy West. Running time: 74 minutes.

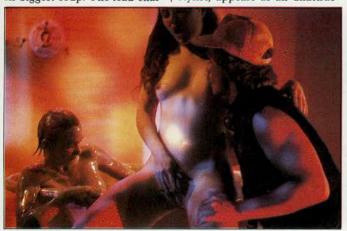
On occasion, porn movies are like a cafeteria line: You pick out something that looks good and have to pay for it later. Such is the case with *The Mistress*, a production that promises the world but delivers nothing more than a good reason to hightail it out of the theater.



In 'The Mistress,' Kelly Nichols climbs up the corporate ladder.

The Mistress' admirable intention to have a sensitive, thoughtful story somehow winds up in yawn city. It tries to recreate the feeling of a soap opera, but the sexual situations here are all too similar.

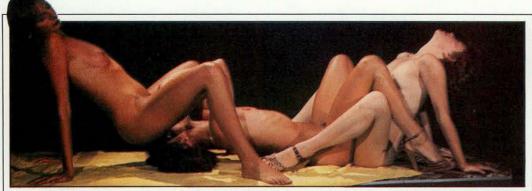
Kelly Nichols portrays "the other woman" who gets involved with married men. She's promoted to a public-relations position at an architectural



In 'Body,' Joey Silvera and friends have more fun than a rubber duck.



A wild mud bath adds new meaning to the term "dirty movie" in 'Body.'



An amorous trio does the best imitation of a human pretzel ever captured on film in 'Starlet Nights.

firm, and—you guessed it—her married boss (Eric Edwards) has ulterior motives in giving her the cushy job. She finds out soon enough just what those motives are when she's taken on a business trip to entertain a client (Don Hart).

Nichols and Edwards predictably switch sexual partners with the client and his wife. One interesting scene has Edwards porking Hart's half-asleep wife. He mounts her from the rear in a dark bedroom, and all along she thinks it's her husband. It's not something you'd want to try while on parole.

While Nichols advances her career at the expense of becoming a revolving-door pussy, she is emotionally hurt by her steady lover, another married man (Randy West).

Kelly Nichols must have misplaced her diet pills, because the lady has put on weight recently. And her makeup looks like it's courtesy of an Earl Sheib's auto-painting shop. That's a shame considering her attractive features. But the film's poor script makes Nichols' appeal almost beside the point. If you still want to see The Mistress, better bring some strong coffee along to keep you awake.

—D. Y. S.

Starlet Nights

Totally Limp. Produced by J. Minashi; directed by Lisa Barr; starring Leslie Bovee, Candy Nichols, Jesse Chacan, Monique LeBare, Fran Fox and Ron Anders. Running time: 83 minutes.

Although this movie was made in 1982, it's reminiscent of the typical porn fare produced in the early '70s. You know the type—ridiculous sto-

ry, raunchy sex on waterbeds, and actors heavily into tattoos.

Starlet Nights, despite the popular Leslie Bovee in the lead role, is an abysmal effort. You get the impression that the producers cruised the seediest part of Hollywood to get inspiration—and a lot of the cast. But



'Starlet Nights': Newcomer Candy Nichols is poised for action.

its plot is mercifully simple. Bovee plays a pampered wife who is also a successful actress. Out of jealousy for her cute stepdaughter, Bovee seeks revenge in a way that's supposed to be an updated version of Snow White.

Bovee is married to a doctor (Ron Anders), an older guy who does for outdated polyester clothing what Liberace does for rhinestones. The ridiculous actor—whose ties are so wide that daredevil Evel Knievel couldn't leap across them—is so boring, he really could be a doctor for all we know.

As Bovee's stepdaughter, Candy Nichols—perhaps the 20th porn actress who has Nichols as a last name—is constantly stealing Dad's attention away from her stepmom. For the pervs in the audience, Nichols does get gang-banged like a slab of beef in one particularly embarrassing scene.

You know you're watching a lousy movie when the wittiest line is "I'm coming." The cast is filled with ex-con types and potbellied suburban housewives who'd have to wear \$1,000 bills to get any attention at a swingers party.

Besides Bovee and some snappy original music, Jesse Chacan is also worthy of mention. Probably the only American Indian porn actor, he adds much-needed class to the flick.

Starlet Nights is a throwback to the old style of trashy porn that will satisfy only those who are sleazier than what's on the screen.

-D. Y. S.



know the type-ridiculous sto- In 'Starlet Nights,' Nichols discovers that love is a threeway street.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

A Thousand and One
Erotic Nights
Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle
8 to 4
Exhausted
Foxtrot
Indecent Exposure
Memphis Cat House Blues
Never So Deep
Nothing to Hide
Society Affairs
Talk Dirty to Me, Part II
Wanda Whips Wall Street

Three-Quarters Erect

American Desire
Babe
Beauty
Between the Sheets
Cafe Flesh
Centerspread Girls
Country Comfort
I Like to Watch
Peaches and Cream
Purely Physical
Titillation
Wild Dallas Honey

Half Erect

Cheryl Hannson, Cover Girl Roommates Seven Seductions of Madame Lau Skintight The Blonde Next Door The Filthy Rich

The Filthy Rich
The Playgirl
The Tiffany Minx
Trashi
Undercovers

One-Quarter Erect

Anytime... Anyplace
Aunt Peg Goes Hollywood
Fireworks
Foreplay
The Cosmopolitan Girl

Totally Limp

Hot Dallas Nights Little Orphan Dusty, Part II The Seductress

BOOKS

Reviewed by Theodore Sturgeon

Hollywood Goddesses

Edited by Michael Jay; Galahad Books, 95 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016; \$4.98.

Bergman, Crawford, Davis, Dietrich: Do these names mean anything to you? Fonda, Fontaine, Garbo, Garland, Harlow. These ladies have, in their time, carried more clout than kings and presidents. They've set and changed clothing styles, behavior and language. They've caused the turnover of hundreds of millions of dollars.

Hayworth, Hepburn, Leigh, Lombard, Loren. These ladies have worked their way into the hearts and secret dreams of countless lonely men and envious women. They're the goddesses—the screen queens. Monroe, Taylor, Turner and, by no means least, Mae West.

If their names don't mean much to you, you've got some very pleasant surprises coming. All you have to do is look for them on late-night TV or on the marquees of your favorite revival theater. You'll see why these women are legends—many of them living legends.

Besides a fine collection of photos, there are short articles about each of the 18 superstars written by some of the best movie critics around. This book's a great gift for yourself or anyone else.



'Hollywood Goddesses': Lana Turner in 1955's film The Prodigal.

Male Rape

Edited by Anthony M. Scacco Jr.; AMS Press Inc., 56 E. 13th St., New York, NY 10003; \$9.50 paper, \$27.50 cloth.

For the first time, someone has gathered together all the important papers and articles on male rape victims. The emphasis is on the attacks that take place in prisons, though it hits other areas too. Reading Male Rape: A Casebook of Sexual Aggressions is like getting slugged



Legendary Mae West is one of the 18 screen queens found in 'Goddesses.'

tacker. That meant he became a slave (called a "punk" in prison). Female rape victims are not forced to become ongoing slaves to their assailants. Though terrifying, their physical plight is a temporary one. Male victims, on the other hand, are loaned out, sold and whored. They are slaves.

It took a long time, but Dunn was determined to break the pattern. He had more than 15 fights in two months and ended up killing another inmate. For that, Dunn was given an extended sentence of 18 months in solitary confinement. When he finally got back into the prison population, he was free of those who would enslave him. He set about steering young first offenders through the maze of violence, doing what he could to help them survive. Ultimately, he earned the right to do public speaking on the real facts of life behind bars. Quite a story.

The other scalding account is Donald Tucker's—this one written by himself. He is a gifted writer and a highly educated man with strong



'Goddesses' includes Marilyn Monroe in a scene from River of No Return.

in the gut, over and over which is a lot less than the countless victims of this degradation have had to put up with.

There are 26 articles here, and two really stand out. One is the story of James Dunn, who was sentenced to three years for burglary and sent to the Louisiana State Penitentiary. Within a month he was raped and claimed as property by his at-

convictions. A Quaker pacifist who refused to pay a \$10 fine after being arrested for praying on the White House lawn, Tucker became the victim of 60 rapes in two nights while awaiting trial. He subsequently became a "punk," returned to the unprotecting outside world, got arrested again and went back to prison, ultimately to become a rapist himself.

Homosexuality in prisons can be a means to power and status. It exists throughout the penal system. It's one of the reasons so few men come out better than they were when they went in. And now we're building more prisons to send more guys up for longer sentences to turn out more bruised and twisted Americans. If you think you can take it, have a look at this book.

Tender Cousins

By David Hamilton; Quill, 105 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016; \$12.95.

I've said it before—because one of these pictures is worth at least a thousand of my words—there's only one David Hamilton. What he does is high tech and high art. The way he lights, drapes and backs off his focus to get his effects is top photography. But nobody at all even approaches his ability to find



An intimate moment is shared by a young couple in 'Tender Cousins.'

young models of such striking beauty. By some magic he catches them in such relaxed, real, unposed poses, you're pressed to remember he's there with his camera.

This book is partly studio shots and partly little previews of his upcoming movie of the same title. The text in *Tender Cousins*, by Pascal Laine, is about as moving as breathless

prose can get—you can take it or leave it. But by all means, buy the book; the photographs tell the story.

Murder Among the Mighty

By Jay Robert Nash; Delacorte Press, 1 Dag Hammarskjold Plaza, New York, NY 10017; \$17.95.

The book's subtitle is Celebrity Slayings That Shocked America, and that says it, shock and all. You'll remember some of the victims: Beatle John Lennon, San Francisco Mayor George Moscone, Playboy centerfold Dorothy Stratten.

Jay Robert Nash has a special knack for bringing a story to you, short but whole. Each of these cases—and there are 28 in this package—is presented with all the surrounding evidence and the complete background story. You really understand how these things came about. And because the emphasis is on the rich, the famous and the

notorious, it underlines the fact that riches, fame and notoriety are no protection from hate, greed, jealousy, pain and death.

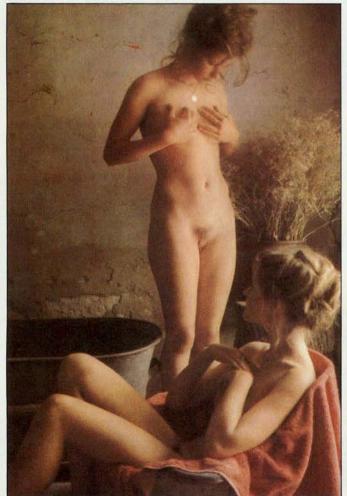
The book is organized chronologically from the 1872 murder of political boss Big Jim Fisk at the hands of Ned Stokes right up to the 1980 case of Claus von Bulow. Former aide to billionaire J. Paul Getty, von Bulow was convicted of attempting to murder his millionairess wife with drugs. Today von Bulow walks the streets free on bail while she lies in a coma.

Also included is the bizarre tale of Bernard Welch, an escaped convict wanted by the FBI. Welch made millions of



In 'Tender Cousins' a fragile female reflects on her budding sensuality.

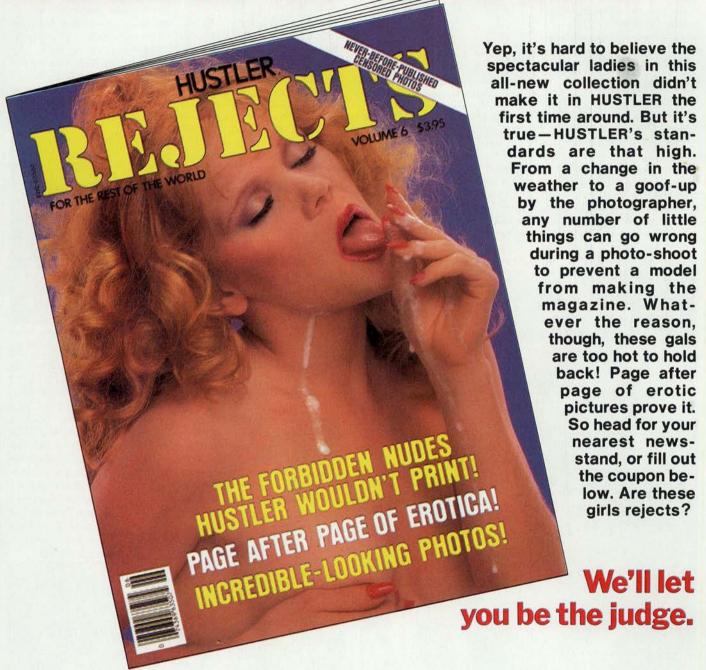
dollars from burglaries by selling off the stolen goods in his own store thousands of miles away. Caught in the act by a prominent physician, Michael Halberstam, Welch shot him and escaped, only to be run down by the dying doctor's car as the victim and his wife headed for a hospital. But read it for yourself, along with the strange stories of Thelma Todd and of actors Sal Mineo, Tom Neal and Ramon Novarro. Altogether a fascinating book.



In 'Tender Cousins' photographer David Hamilton's carefully positioned camera captures uninhibited women in real, relaxed, unposed poses.



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Edward Karnoff (not his real name) watches as the ominous little vacuum device sucks out a nauseating mass of red, bloody tissue from his girlfriend Julie's uterus. He is stopped from fleeing the sterile room by two orderlies who say it is too late to leave. The physician wipes his hands on his blood-spattered gown and then inserts long steel prongs deep inside the young woman's body.

Edward shudders as he sees the doctor withdraw a tiny, six-week-old fetus. As the wet and shiny fetus moves closer, Edward can clearly see it begging for its life to be saved. Not being able to watch anymore, the mortified Edward turns around only to face hundreds of jars filled with dead fetuses.

Julie awakened Edward from his nightmare and blotted the cold sweat from his face. He couldn't bring himself to tell her about his dream. For it was largely his decision that Julie would later that day undergo an abortion, a decision reached because they felt now was not the time to have a child and settle down.

After the abortion, Julie experienced a few hours of dizziness but was soon back to normal, confident they had done the right thing. Edward, on the other hand, could not handle how the abortion had besieged his confused conscience and

filled him with second thoughts. His emotional turmoil continued for weeks. Unable to concentrate on work, Edward's fledgling real-estate business failed within a few months.

For the past 20 years, ever since abortion emerged as a national issue, the assumption has been that terminating a pregnancy was a woman's problem. The man's involvement, it was believed, extended no further than financing the procedure. But the preconceptions about men and abortion are way off-base.

Abortion counselors across the United States now realize that the would-be father, like the pregnant woman, is also deeply affected by the ordeal. Many men say they become ex-

Edward Karnoff (not his real Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long bename) watches as the ominimate wacuum device ing with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of any and all sexual sucks out a nauseating mass information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this of red, bloody tissue from his series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to girlfriend Julie's uterus. He lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a better lover.



MEN AND ABORTION

by John Tido

tremely emotional and are more sensitive than usual toward their partner. Yet at the same time, they must face unresolved feelings of guilt, anxiety and sometimes anger. In severe cases some men are even haunted that they have helped commit murder, a guilt complex associated exclusively with women in the past.

"We've all seen a big change," says Tim Shuck, counseling director at the Lovejoy Specialty Hospital and Surgical Center in Portland, Oregon. "Five or six years ago very few men came in with the women. Now our lobbies are full of men."

Adds Constance Pentz, director of services at All Womens Health in White

Plains, New York: "About 70% of our patients now come in as couples. We have joint counseling, and if the husband or boyfriend requests it, individual counseling for him. Many times we have the men come back for counseling alone because they have been having trouble with the relationship after the abortion."

Considering that 1.5 million American women had abortions in 1981-an alarming one abortion for every three births-it's surprising that so little attention has been given to what the man goes through. This is especially true since more than one-quarter of the women who have legal abortions are married. The reasons to end a pregnancy are many, but in any case the disruption of the man's natural fatherhood instincts combined with concern over his lover's body are feelings impossible to suppress.

Indeed, the psychological ramifications of abortion on men are many: The man may think his partner blames him as "the guy who knocked me up," when in fact she may harbor no ill feelings at all. Additionally, a man can become perplexed, sometimes intimidated, by the mysteries of conception, compounding his paranoia. It instills in him a fear that he'll never father again, or if he does, that the pregnancy will be beset with problems.

A man can also be affected by the fact that his partner's pregnancy affirms his fertility, particularly in a first-time pregnancy. Although the baby may be unplanned and unwanted by the couple, the father can be confused by the joys of proving himself a "real man." Often, this sense of accomplishment can wrongly influence his assessment of the situation. Knowing full well that abortion is the best choice, he may have to

wrestle his "fertility ego" before making a rational decision.

Psychologically, a man can become depressed when a lover must undergo an abortion, because it serves to emphasize his shortcomings. For example, he may lose confidence in himself if the abortion is prompted by financial reasons. Also, his selfish demands for constant sex and his apathetic attitude toward birth control could lead to an unplanned pregnancy, causing further depression and

An abortion can pressure the man to change his whole sexual thinking process: Many men are uncomfortable in emotional or sensitive situations concerning sex. Given the choice, men prefer to boast and make jokes about sex. And since men do not "get pregnant," why should they have to think in terms of "getting an abortion"? He's been psychologically conditioned to "act like a man" and suppress emotions that will torment him in the very adult situation of abortion.

The mental impact of abortion on a man who actually wants a baby while his partner does not can be staggering. The woman may simply not have a liking for children or be too involved with her own life. There is also the possibility she may not see her current partner as part of her life down the line. No matter the woman's reason, her decision to abort can drastically influence the man's behavior.

One Cleveland man, upon hearing of his lover's abortion, thrust his fist through the glass door of a fire-extinguisher cabinet. Another man, in Min-

neapolis, was intercepted by police as he was racing to a clinic where his girlfriend was having an abortion. There was a loaded shotgun on the front seat of his car. Clearly, the male's inner feelings can't be ignored; the abortion decision process should be a unifying, not an isolating, experience.

Although some conclude that a woman, having physically gone through the abortion procedure, feels a greater sense of loss than her partner, her man can be affected even more. Writing in the Los Angeles Times, Elizabeth Mehren recounted the experience of an architect whose 25-year-old girlfriend had undergone an abortion. "For her," he said, 'the abortion was like going to the dentist." She bounced back and was at work the next day, but he had a rough time. "For two days," the architect said, "I sat in my apartment in the dark and drank brandy. I didn't know what else to do." Other men have reacted to the stress by losing themselves in their work or by engaging in strenuous physical sports.

In our society, men are taught to hide their inner feelings during stress situations. Faced with abortion, many men decide to quietly carry the emotional burden because the woman is carrying the physical one. Yet turmoil frequently accompanies the decision of whether or not to abort, and at this time a woman

needs to know her man's inner reactions. The man's well-intentioned reluctance to sway his lover may compound the problem in the long run. While he may not want to influence his partner's decision, it's that very influence she may desperately need.

Ginny Hoffman, counseling supervisor for Family Planning Alternatives in Sunnyvale, California, further illustrates the point: "Sometimes the man tries to deny emotion. That's his way of dealing with pain, but it's interpreted by the woman as 'He doesn't care.' She wants a show of emotion."

Teaching men to face and release their feelings is the primary thrust of men's abortion counseling. Rob Gross, a counselor in an Oakland, California, abortion clinic, recalls: "I had this one guy in here, 31, big and strong, a Vietnam veteran. He was talking and being real clinical and hard, and all the time I noticed he was blinking back tears. So I stopped him and said, 'You seem to have a lot of feelings about this.' All of a sudden he started to bawl. He must have cried for five minutes. Finally, what he said was that he really did want to have a kid, and he really was excited about the idea of being a father, and he felt awful about the abortion."

The whole abortion experience can be a mutual eye-opener for many couples. Allene Klass, administrator of the Lovejoy Specialty Hospital, once counseled a couple who discovered how different their views of the future were: "He had a real nesting urge; he wanted a baby. And she didn't want to be a mother; she wanted a career. He couldn't tolerate that." Two years after her abortion the woman is living happily with a man who shares her disinterest in childbirth. Her former lover, a teacher, has subsequently married a woman with a mutual desire for a family.

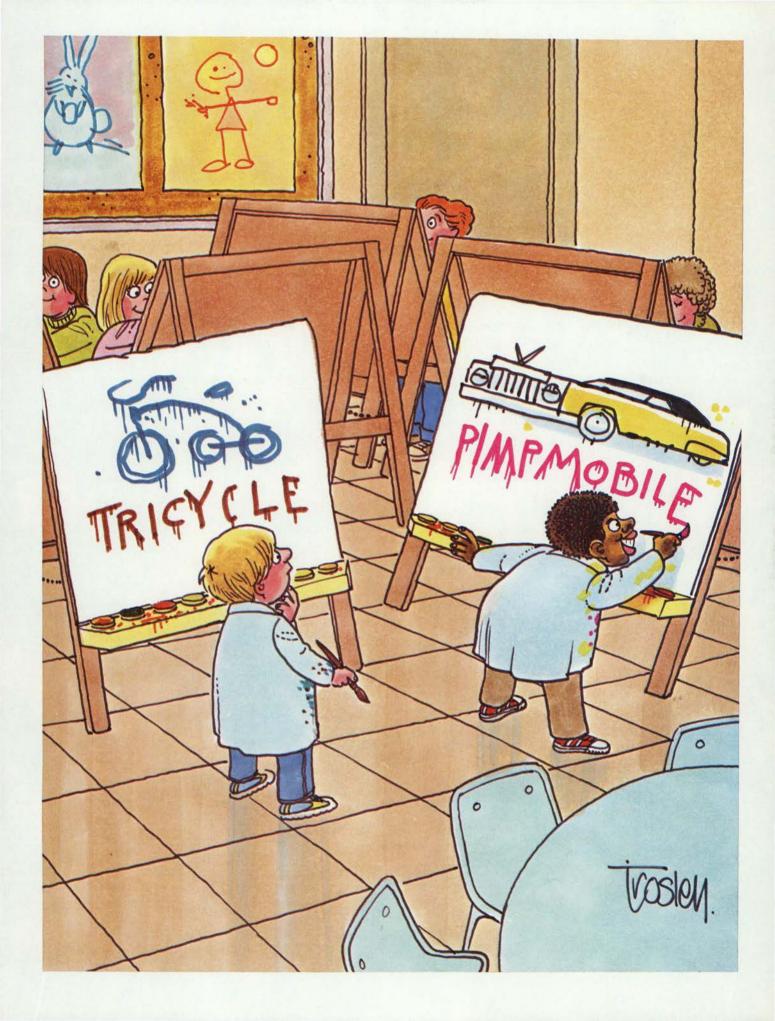
Abortion counseling can serve a multitude of purposes. Counselors advise men, for example, that intercourse following an abortion in some cases should be avoided for two weeks because of the risk of infection. If certain men are not told this by an authoritative figure, they may wrongly conclude that the female partner has developed a hatred for them,

or for sex in general.

Another extremely important element of counseling is the advice couples receive concerning birth-control methods so that terminating a pregnancy is something they won't likely have to repeat. Since there are only two effective methods of birth control for mensterilization and condoms-it's been customary to assume that the responsibility falls with the woman. However,

(continued on page 126)







UNBIASED REVIEW (MEN'S MAGAZINES

BYMURRAY LANGSTON (The Unknown Comic)

Who would have ever thought that someone could achieve national recognition by walking around with a paper bag over his head? Well, that's exactly what happened to Murray Langston, the master of outrageous humor, who bills himself as "The Unknown Comic." Most memorable for his uninhibited appearances on The Gong Show, he's been almost as visible on television as the NBC Peacock for the past five years. His rapid-fire one-liners are reminiscent of comedian Henny Youngman's-with an X rating.

Langston's bags-to-riches story began innocently enough with his Gong Show debut in 1977. Desperate for money, he agreed to appear as a contestant for a \$250 fee. But rather than risk embarrassing himself on a series unanimously panned by the critics, Langston decided to cover his face with a supermarket sack modified with hand-torn openings for nose, eyes and mouth. Host Chuck Barris was so impressed by this wacky gimmick that he asked Langston back some 150 times both as a panelist and a performer. Unfortunately, many of his best jokes on those occasions were bleeped by horrified censors.

The Unknown Comic's long list of TV credits has made him-and his agent-wealthy. They include The Tonight Show, The Merv Griffin Show, The Mike Douglas Show, Dinah, The \$1.98 Beauty Show, Make Me Laugh, The Sonny and Cher Show, Don Kirshner's Rock Concert, Dean Martin's Summer Show, Real People (without the bag) and even the G-rated Pat Boone Family Christmas Special.

On cable television he's been a mainstay of Everything Goes, the medium's first striptease quiz show. Langston's films include Skatetown, U.S.A., The Silent Scream, The Gong Show Movie and the soon-to-be-released The

Freak, in which he plays a religious fanatic who gets eaten alive by a monster. A staple on the nightclub circuit, he appears regularly at places like the Sahara, Tropicana and Hacienda hotels in Las Vegas, the Roxy club in Los Angeles and The Comedy Corner in

Langston also recently hosted the Miss Nude America Pageant in San Jose, California, as well as a wet-T-shirt contest at the University of Nevada at Las Vegas, A nude poster of The Unknown Comic wearing bags over his head and cock has sold several hundred thousand copies.

In the past, HUSTLER's annual review of men's magazines has been conducted by such luminaries as Garrett Morris of Saturday Night Live, rock musician/composer John Mayall, Screw publisher Al Goldstein, Xrated-film director Gerard Damiano and writer/comedian Pat McCormick. To offer proof positive of his ability to handle the eighth version of this popular feature, The Unknown Comic supplied the following tongue-in-cheek bio:

"I came from a very strict family," Langston recalls. "My mother wouldn't even let my sister date until she was 15. Of course, she'd already gotten pregnant twice by that time. My mother constantly screamed at me because I wet the bed-from the hallway. But good old Dad used to walk me to school every day. He had to: he was in my class. One time when I was seven years old, he caught me smoking. Boy, did he vell at the kid who set me on fire. When I was eight, I almost got killed while drinking milk. The cow fell on me.

"We were not a close family; in fact, I was breast-fed through a straw. I'll never forget the time my mother came home from work early and caught me wearing high heels, a bra and lace panties. 'If I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times,' she hollered. 'Don't play with your father's things.

"I hated the small town I lived in. It was so small, our zoo had to close down when the clam died. We had one hooker, and you had to meet her parents before you could fuck her. In school I became the head of the class, but the teachers found out and made me stop smoking the stuff. I also became known as the soft-drink kid because I dated girls from 7-Up. Everyone told me that I had nice hands and that they should be on a girl; so I went after every female in sight.

"I wasn't too bright, however. I thought group sex was using both hands. I finally had my first threesome when I was 16. But the other two guys didn't know what the hell they were doing. I quit school and opened up a halfway house for girls who don't go all the way. In my spare time I came up with the recipe for a bean birthday cake that could blow out its own candles.

"Then it happened. I met the girl of my dreams, Gloria. She showed me the ropesand the whips and chains. She was 38-21-36, and that was just her left leg. Gloria was into multiple orgasms; she had two the year I was with her. She said making love with me was like a ride at Disneyland. It was over real quick, and afterward she wanted to throw up. Gloria was a screamer and a moaner. But the neighbors started complaining; so I had to stop letting her go over there. Our relationship ended when I discovered her real idea of a quiet evening at home-fucking a mime troupe. All I'm looking for now is a secure, lasting, meaningful one-night stand."

Recently HUSTLER met with Langston-America's sack symbol-in his West Hollywood home, where he studied the 14 leading men's magazines. His unbiased, uncensored

analysis follows.

HUSTLER JANUARY



"A class magazine... It gets my Gucci Bag Award."

UNKNOWN COMIC: What makes Playboy special is the girls—they're always classic. The September centerfold, for example, looks like the perfect girl I've been looking for all my life. I thought I'd found the perfect girl about three years ago, but she was looking for the perfect guy, and I was left out in the cold. Miss September has been airbrushed so extensively that no blemishes remain. Apparently, she doesn't have a clitoris; all I can see is a slight glimpse of pubes. I find this type of photograph a little sexier than the gaping shots other magazines feature in which you can see the girl's lungs and liver. Let's face it; it's prettier. Somebody once said that the only bad thing about 69 is the view. You get down there close up, and it's not exactly the Mona Lisa. Playboy is really selective in the women it shows; they're exquisite all the time. I also enjoy reading the interviews, like the Cheech and Chong Q&A in the September issue. When I started out in comedy, I worked with them at a little Los Angeles nightclub. For kicks, they used to put marijuana into brownies. Hard to keep those suckers lit. Nowadays I do very little drugs. My doctor told me to stay away from cocaine; so I use a four-foot straw. "The Playboy Advisor" is another one of my favorites. Where else could I find out you can get herpes from a toilet seat?

HUSTLER: How would you rate *Playboy* overall?

UNKNOWN COMIC: It's definitely a class magazine. It gets my Gucci Bag Award.



"I'll give it my Glad Bag Award . . . Always glad I bought it."

HUSTLER: The photographs in *Penthouse* are decidedly different from those in other men's magazines. Many people think the photographers often use Vaseline on the lens for a softening effect.

UNKNOWN COMIC: I like those kinds of dreamlike pictures. *Penthouse* girls are exceptionally pretty. They're not the type you'd pick up roaming on Sunset Boulevard or in Times Square. They're classy. You can see it in what they wear—expensive bikinis, pantyhose and jewelry. Nobody looks like a slut. Let's see what else is in the September issue. An article on Elliot Gould. Fashion. Sportswear. An item about someone raping his girlfriend's mother. I stopped a rape last month.

HUSTLER: How'd you do that?

UNKNOWN COMIC: I changed my mind. Here's a photo-layout on S&M for beginners. I don't go for this kinky kind of hitting-and-hurting stuff. There's a fine line between kinkiness and perversion. Someone who's kinky uses a feather. Someone who's perverted uses the whole chicken. I don't even like a girl sticking her nails in my back or giving me a hickey. I enjoy things that are just simple and natural and normal. Trusting the other person is awfully important in lovemaking. You know what the ultimate in trust is, don't you? Two cannibals giving each other head. Because I've purchased Penthouse many times, and I'm glad I bought it, I'll give the magazine my Glad Bag Award.



"The Punching Bag Award... because it hits hard."

UNKNOWN COMIC: HUSTLER's covers are always grabbers. So are the girls inside; they seem to be grabbing themselves most of the time. This magazine has a deserved reputation for hard-hitting, investigative articles; but some people consider its frank approach to sex as being gross. I don't feel almost anything sexual is gross-except maybe your grandmother putting her tongue in your mouth when she kisses you good-night. Wait a minute! I just changed my mind. The October issue's photographs showing victims of sexually transmitted diseases are sickening. Look at all the scabs and sores. Here's a magazine that's supposed to attract men to women. This shit will turn guys off. These are obviously people who have been sleeping with fucking crud. You can't get this from a normal girl.

HUSTLER: But you *can* get these diseases from normal girls. That's the whole point. Those photos are *supposed* to shock. Don't you think you're going to be a little more careful after looking at them?

UNKNOWN COMIC: As a matter of fact, I'm giving up sex all together, or starting having sex with bears. I'll let one of those suckers bite my dick off, and I won't have to worry anymore. Let's see now; the covergirl looks like she's all wet and clean. Nice ass. I'm an ass man. Something about the looks of it reminds me of home. The centerfold is a 50-year-old lady. She's not bad for her age. I like women around 60 or 70 because they don't swell, they don't tell, they don't smell, and they're grateful as hell. I'd marry an older woman of 70 or 80 if she had a lot of money. I believe where there's a will, there's a way.

Moving right along, HUSTLER's cartoons are far and away the most provocative of any men's magazine, but the *Bits & Pieces* section really gets sick. Ampu-Tshirts. Cooking dead dogs. A pet vasecto-

my kit. And, holy shit, photos from a turd contest. Because HUSTLER is not afraid to hit hard against traditional journalistic taboos, it gets my Punching Bag Award.



"My Overnight Bag Award . . . Handy if your girl's not around."

UNKNOWN COMIC: CHIC doesn't leave too much to the imagination. "Bonnie," a nice-looking blonde in the September issue, is a good example. She looks like she's reaching for a ring halfway up her vagina. If you get close enough to the page, you can almost catch a little whiff of garlic and tuna. In the same issue there's a photo-layout showing a museum guard and a girl in a painting who comes to life. The guy's wiener must be ten or 12 inches. HUSTLER: Does that intimidate you?

UNKNOWN COMIC: Not at all. I'd have to fold mine in half to get it down to that size. When I take off my clothes, I look like a tripod. Girls always say the size doesn't matter-it's the action. That's so full of shit. They see a big guy; they like a big dick. Now we come to two good-looking girls-my favorite kind of layout-lathering up each other with soap. This pictorial is my idea of good, clean fun. There are also some heavy articles in CHIC, like How to Survive the New Depression, which you don't find in a lot of other magazines. But the best part of CHIC is the cartoons-it uses the same cartoonists as HUSTLERand the monthly feature in the Odds & Ends section showing two dicks talking, which has ridiculous comedic value. Here's something else interesting in Odds & Ends—a photo of a chick giving herself head. If we could all do that, we wouldn't need anybody, would we? CHIC gets my Overnight Bag Award. If you didn't have a girl around, it would be handy to take care of your overnight needs.



"Really boring . . . The Sleeping Bag Award."

HUSTLER: Oui used to be published by *Playboy*. It was never particularly profitable; so Hugh Hefner finally sold it last year. In the past months, Oui's newsstand sales have dropped by 182,000 copies—more than 24%.

unknown comic: I can see why. This new version seems to have cheaper paper and piss-poor color reproduction. I always thought of *Oui* as *Playboy* with the pussies spread. The new *Oui* is not a very erotic magazine. There's very little nudity. The August issue has an article on Cannes,

France, and a mininovel. I wouldn't waste my time reading either one. Flipping through the first 32 pages, I still haven't hit anything worthwhile. Next comes a boring fashion layout and photos of meanlooking bikers who are into bondage. That doesn't turn me on. I guess I'm not a bondage freak. I wonder what percentage of people are.

HUSTLER: Probably people at the end of their rope.

UNKNOWN COMIC: Look at this. The covergirl is decent enough; she's one of the dancers on the TV series *Dance Fever*. But inside, the photos of her are a big ripoff. It's a totally dressed layout, not even showing any nipple. You can see the same thing in a Sears catalog. If somebody expects to see more of her, it's not going to be in this magazine. *Oui* is really boring. I'll give it my Sleeping Bag Award.



"A Mixed Bag . . . There's something for everyone."

HUSTLER: Next is GENTLEMAN'S COM-PANION, a publication that is designed to be both fun and sexy.

UNKNOWN COMIC: This magazine is obviously not for scum like me. The girl on the October cover is not too bad; nothing great though. Let's see what's inside. Three pages of ads for people who want to find swinging partners. One of the advertisers should get the award for the world's smallest dick. So far I don't see anything for a gentleman. Here's a layout showing two girls going at one another, down and dirty, a common male fantasy. I don't want to brag, but I once had eight girls at the same time.

HUSTLER: What was it like?

UNKNOWN COMIC: Definitely no big deal. The time was eight o'clock. The girls were all several days apart. Four prostitutes talking about their profession in GC's Sex Education department is sort of interesting. Know what you call a prostitute's kids? Brothel Sprouts. What do they call male prostitutes in England? Peter Sellers. Next comes an article on sex with midgets and dwarfs. I once went out with a sex-craved dwarf. Every night, she wanted to go up on me. The advice columnist, Dear Granny, is always good for a laugh. In this issue, Granny tells a reader that eating food shaped like cocks won't make your dick grow. I disagree. Since elephants probably have the biggest cocks, I'd recommend peanuts. All in all, this magazine didn't completely knock me out. It should have more real good-looking girls. It supposedly appeals to gentlemen, but I think it's real appeal is to winos and other average guys in the street. I guess GENTLE-MAN'S COMPANION gets the Mixed Bag Award—there's something for everybody.



"Farts, fat, and menstrual sex . . . The Douche Bag Award."

HUSTLER: Let's talk about Harvey magazine, named for its publisher, Harvey Shapiro. UNKNOWN COMIC: Obviously, he didn't have much choice. Who'd buy something called Shapiro magazine? Harvey seems to be heavily committed to two of the basic pleasures of today's society: farting and masturbation. How else can you explain articles titled "Do Farts Turn You On?" and "Your Hand's Best Friend." Do you know why farts smell? So deaf people can enjoy them too. I get the impression that a lot of guys jack off to Harvey. Masturbation can be fun, but I prefer to use somebody else's hand. If I gotta settle for my own, I will on occasion-especially if I've been on the road for a while. Another article that only Harvey would print is "The Bloody Truth," an in-depth account of menstrual sex. About all the writer missed was mention of a new sanitary napkin for girls who like to go dancing-Discotex. Now we come to a typical Harvey photofeature—"Fat Helen," a 400-pound blimp posing nude. She grosses me out to the max. What could you possibly do with a 400-pound woman? Sit around and chew the fat? The farts, fat chicks and menstrual sex add up to an honor worthy only of Harvey-the Douche Bag Award.



"Gets my T Bag Award . . . T standing for tits."

UNKNOWN COMIC: I freaked out when I first saw the Velvet photo-layout "Nikko, the Chick With a Dick." At first I thought there was some guy behind this goodlooking lady sticking his dick through her legs. But no-o-o-o. This girl actually has an eight-inch dong! You could tell her to go fuck herself, and she'd probably go ahead and do it-literally. If I had tits like hers, I'd spend a lot of time in my room playing with myself too. Oh, my gosh. Twenty pages later there's a girl with 82inch tits. She may not be gorgeous, but she certainly puts up a good front. These are huge melons. She'd make a great covergirl for the dairy lobbyists. Then we see another girl, "Mickey," dressed in a baseball shirt and doing obscene things to herself with a Louisville Slugger.

HUSTLER: Six months earlier you could have seen photographs from the exact same shooting on the cover of GENTLE-MAN'S COMPANION and on ten pages inside. Her name at the time was "Cleo."

UNKNOWN COMIC: That's a definite turn-off. So is *Velvet*'s pictorial report on a place that attracts people into strange kinds of bondage. I'm just too macho to get into bondage. It's a bitch being macho. You know what real macho is?

HUSTLER: No, what?

UNKNOWN COMIC: Jogging home from a vasectomy. Since there are tits all over this magazine, it gets my T Bag Award—T standing for tits. I counted 50 pairs before my calculator's batteries died.



"Stomachturning raunch . . . The Barf Bag Award."

UNKNOWN COMIC: The entire September issue of Cheri seems to be devoted to Texas cowgirls-dozens of gals in western outfits showing pussy. Maybe that's what they mean by Marlboro Country. Everything's big in Texas, including snatches. They remind me of something Redd Foxx, the comedian, once said: "If the pilgrims had killed cats instead of turkeys, every Thanksgiving we'd be eating pussy." Now that would be something to pray for. I've spent a lot of time working nightclubs in Texas, where men are men and sheep are nervous. You know what Texan foreplay is? They get the girl on the back of a horse for about five or six hours. When she gets off and can't get her legs back together-then you go for it.

HUSTLER: How about Cheri's girls? UNKNOWN COMIC: They're pretty, but all the reader gets is page after page of boob-shots. It gets awfully redundant after a while. The color quality of the centerfold is very grainy. This was probably done on purpose to hide most of the blemishes, but you can still see marks all over the girl's legs. Here's a photo-layout on just one girl showing a lot of pussy. What name would you expect the editors to give her? "Kitty," of course. She's a sexy girl with a great ass. But she's got sand all over her. You could wreck your dick screwing a girl like that on the beach. Another photolayout shows a girl dressed like a sailor. She's obviously looking for some seamen. We oughta give her some. There's only one suitable rating for Cheri's stomach-turning combination of raunch and redundancy-the Barf Bag Award.



"The Golf Bag Award . . . A hole on almost every page."

HUSTLER: Now we come to *Club* and its covergirl—porn star Marilyn Chambers. **UNKNOWN COMIC:** All right, we're talk-

ing about my dick here. This is one of those magazines with a lot of pussy-lots of close-up crotch-shots. I'm not a big fan of shots that make pussy look like a slab of ham or raw liver. When I was in the Navy, by the way, they actually found a cook who was fucking warm liver. Nobody ate liver for months after that. We got all kinds of gaping shots of Marilyn Chambers here, and the centerfold shows her with a pierced earring attached to one of her vaginal lips. A lot of people might ask, "Why attach an earring to your pussy?" Well, that pussy has been awfully good to her. It's only fair that she should repay it in some way. Marilyn ought to give it something spectacular, like a gold bracelet, not just an earring. A couple of pages earlier we see pictures of a girl with spiders on her pussy. I mean, wait a minute. I'll give Club the Golf Bag Award. There's a hole on almost every page.



"A lot of kinky stuff...The Leather Bag Award."

UNKNOWN COMIC: The October High Society devotes several pages to "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Enlarging Your Penis." I've never had to worry about penis enlargement, since I've got eight inches-from the floor. I really don't think there's any way to make your dick bigger, except by carrying around a magnifying glass or finding yourself a chick with small hands. Most of the girls in this issue look a little slutty, but they're not bad. But here's one who's cute-"Cindy." "I like to fuck, and I'm not ashamed to admit it," she says. "I like the feel of a hard cock filling my cunt. Eat me; I love to spread my legs for a guy with a hot tongue." "Cindy" is very romantic, isn't she? Sure has a way with words. Here's another girl who's pretty cute-"Jessica." But she's not too subtle in the way she poses, with her fingers inside her pussy halfway up to her bellybutton. Hold it! This is the same girl they're calling "Cindy" 25 pages later. Talk about an identity crisis. It's hard to believe that a magazine would so blatantly rip off the reader. Let's see what else High Society is into. Nude pussywhipping. Mud wrestling. And, in the September issue, the everpopular anal sex.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about anal sex?

UNKNOWN COMIC: I think it's a shitty thing to do. It's definitely considered a pain in the ass by some people. As far as I'm concerned, it's the third-best place you can put your dick. They've also got a feature on anal sex on the phone, which is really taking things a step farther. I wouldn't consider that for a minute. All my phones are white; brown doesn't fit in

with my color scheme. There's a lot of kinky stuff in this magazine; so I'll give *High Society* the Leather Bag Award.



"Chicks leave much to be desired . . . The Doggy Bag Award."

UNKNOWN COMIC: Gallery is supposed to be a girlie magazine, but it's filled with features on cassettes, cars, red wine and how to get concert-hall sound over your stereo. It should stick to its real reason for being, and have more sexually oriented articles and pictorials. Most of the girls are just plain ugly, although the September covergirl is cute. Nice ass too. I'd like to bite on that and pray for lockjaw. I read Gallery last night and kept a partial erection for at least an hour.

HUSTLER: What does it take to get you fully erect?

UNKNOWN COMIC: I've never had a full erection. I always black out before that happens. It's a bitch, but that's the way life is, I guess. "Brigitte," the centerfold, has a real nice ass. She's one of the few attractive girls in this magazine. In fact, I'd like her to have my baby. It's outside in the car. The September issue also has a story about two med students and a female corpse. I'm not that kinky. When girls ask me to hurt them, I tell them their dog is dead. It's a little shocking and ghoulish to think that somebody would actually have sex with a dead person. But if a girl wants to fuck me when I'm dead, she's welcome to it. Because most of the chicks in Gallery leave a lot to be desired, we'll give it the Doggy Bag Award.



"The Bag of Tricks Award... The girls all look like hookers."

UNKNOWN COMIC: Articles like "Improve Your Car Stereo" leave me cold, but the X-rated-film reviews in Genesis are pretty interesting. The unusual thing about porn movies is that they can be shown upside down and generally nobody notices. The last one I ever saw was over a year ago. I left after eight hours because the screen was beginning to irritate my nose, not to mention my tongue. The major article in the September issue tells how to pick up girls. I've never had any trouble in that area because of the surefire lines I use, like "You don't want me to use this gun, do you?" Or "Will \$500 be enough?" And the old, reliable, "I'm gay, but I want you to be the first." Seriously, the easiest way to pick up girls is to make them laugh. If you can do that, you can fuck 'em real easy. You know what a satisfied woman says after sex?

HUSTLER: No, what?

UNKNOWN COMIC: I didn't think so. You've got a problem. Ooh, here's a layout on a pretty blonde. Her legs are crossed most of the time. I like these kind of pictures as opposed to blatant ones. She's still got everything there, but it's sensual. Great big nipples. You could get on top of one and just hang out there for a while. My kind of tits—one on each side. Aah, tits. You know what turns my stomach? Tits on my back. This girl looks like she's about 19. The girl I'm going out with now is about the same age. All my friends say she's a 10. But she charges me 20. She's kinky, but in a strange way. She likes to tie me up and go out with someone else. I sort of like Genesis even though the girls all look like a bunch of hookers. I'll give it my Bag of Tricks Award.

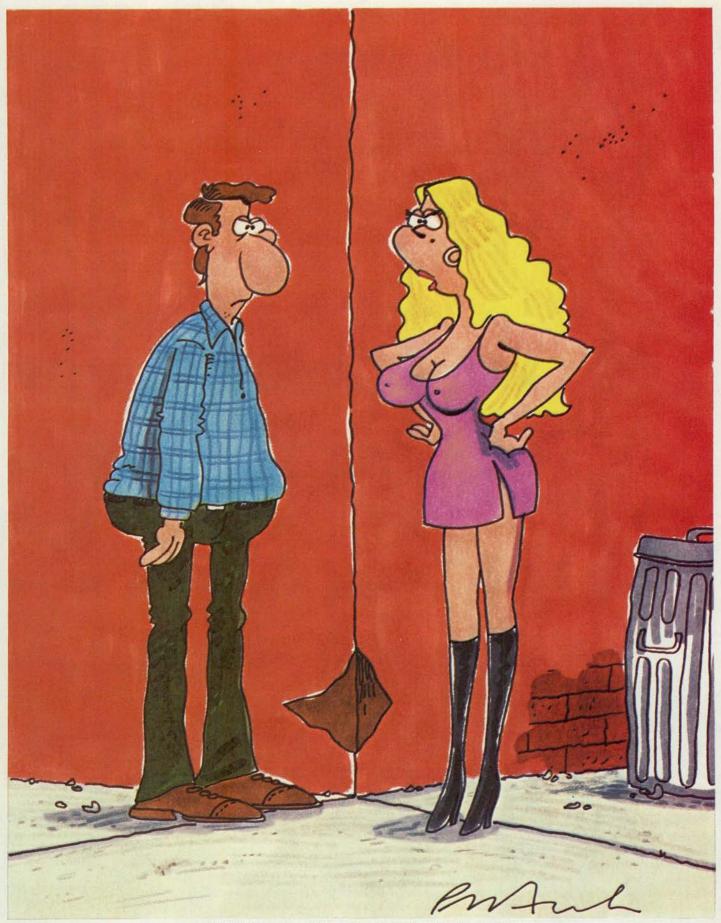


"The Vacuum-Cleaner Bag Award . . . because it sucks."

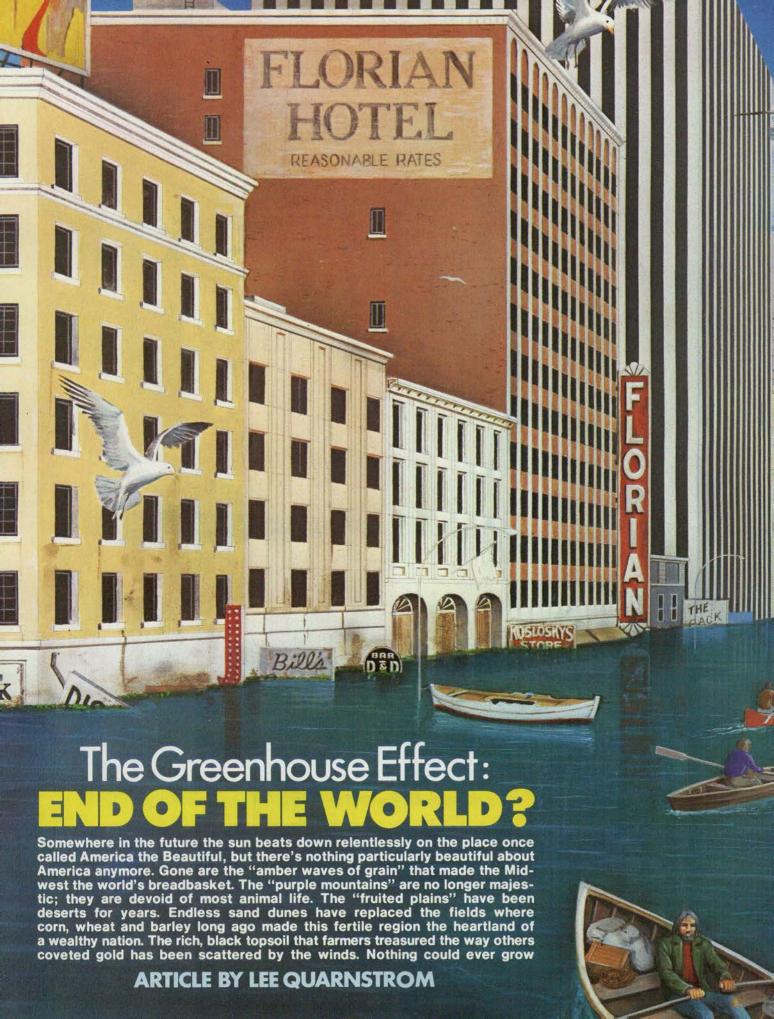
HUSTLER: Last, and possibly least, we come to Swank - one of the older men's magazines. It's been around for 27 years. **UNKNOWN COMIC:** Have you been using this copy? The pages are stuck together, you son of a gun. Here's an article in which people talk about their most foolish sexual experiences. My first time was probably my most foolish. I was 15, and the girl was a prostitute in Montreal, Canada. Me and my buddy had to save up \$10 apiece, but that included beer. The girl couldn't speak a word of English, and she had a shaved crotch. I remember going down on her, but I wasn't sure whether I liked it or not. Ever since then I've preferred girls with beaver. You know why pubic hair is curly, don't you?

HUSTLER: We can't imagine.

UNKNOWN COMIC: So it doesn't poke your eyes out. Here's a layout that's almost as old as that joke-shots of girls wearing stockings and garter belts. That's not much of a turn-on for me. I prefer to feel skin. I can feel fabric when I'm wearing my own nylons. Moving right along, there's ten pages on a girl named "April," who has a pretty, sweet, innocent face and a sweet, innocent pussy to match that undoubtedly has seen a lot of use. Then we come to ten pages on "Candy," a girl whose car is out of gas, and "Lana," a service-station attendant who fills "Candy" up and gives her full-service treatment. This layout could be titled "The Dyke Van Dick Show." It reminds me of Butch Cassidy's, a tough lesbian club where I once worked. The place was so tough, it had a pool table with no balls. Swank gets the Vacuum-Cleaner Bag Award-because it sucks.



"I didn't give you the clap, buster!-you bought it!"





again in this scorching wasteland.

The skeletons of large cities still standing in the center of the continent bear silent witness to the great civilization that previously thrived. But along the edges of this once heavily populated region the ocean waves break on a coastline unimaginable to those of us alive today. Major metropolitan areas-such as Boston, New York City, Washington, Miami, Los Angeles and San Francisco-lay drowned under waters as deep as 300 feet. Only the tops of skyscrapers are occasionally visible, their underpinnings rusting away before they topple into oblivion. In the vast sea obscuring what used to be the Big Apple, just the tip of the head and the upraised arm of the Statue of Liberty poke forlornly through the swells and whitecaps.

California's verdant Central Valley, long regarded as the most productive agricultural area in the world, is now completely underwater. The lower Mississippi River region, from the Gulf Coast all the way north to Missouri, has been claimed by the ocean. The Hudson River valley, the Columbia River basin, the lower drainage outlets of all the major rivers of the world no longer exist; they have all been covered by the briny sea.

The sun passes over all of this desolation and continues its endless blistering of the planet. Every ray from the brilliant star is like another fatal bullet, sealing forever the fate of Earth and the countless forms of life it once sustained.

Yet things still are not as terrible as they will become. The final cataclysm, which will turn the planet's surface into a maelstrom of bursting flames and molten rock, is still a million years down this oneway road to doom.

Speculation about how the world will end is almost as popular these days as Pac-Man and Rubik's Cube. We have been warned that a huge meteorite or a fearsome ice age will slowly wipe out civilization. We have heard about the unavoidable consequences of earthquakes. We have been alerted about the poisons that we daily pump into our air, our water and our soil, and we know how this devastating pollution will someday kill us.

We have been told that the worldwide population explosion will cause starvation, preceded by wars over the planet's dwindling resources. We have read that disease-causing organisms will outlast antibiotics, and that eventually a fatal plague could end mankind's existence on Earth. And we have been advised by religious zealots that God, in one form or another, might soon wreak vengeance upon the human race. There are even

those who believe that creatures from outer space might annihilate us.

But some scientists now know for certain how our civilization will end, how the lives of every earthbound creature will terminate, how our planet will become a giant slag heap circling the sun.

These scientists know about the Greenhouse Effect.

Many of us have probably walked through a greenhouse without completely understanding how it works. Solar rays penetrate the building's glass panes, warming the soil, the plants and the atmosphere inside. As these rays are reflected back into space, the heat is trapped within the glass walls and roof of the structure. An artificial tropical climate can be maintained, using solar energy and human ingenuity to keep the greenhouse environment at a temperature nourishing to flowers, fruits and vegetables grown within.

Now imagine a giant greenhouse built around Earth. That may sound impossible, at least in the normal sense of erecting a greenhouse. But what if such a gigantic glass cover *could* be built? What would that accomplish?

At first, frigid regions toward the North and South poles would get warmer. Perhaps some of these frozen wastelands could be turned into productive farming regions. In Asia, when snow and ice melted from the bleak prairies of northern Russia, rich agricultural areas would spring from millions of acres of newly uncovered fertile soil. (The same would not happen in North America. The soil north of our abundant Corn Belt is generally of poor quality.)

As this massive greenhouse trapped more and more heat, the polar ice caps and other major ice concentrations—such as that which covers most of Greenland—would begin to melt. This would put additional water into our atmosphere, increasing precipitation in some portions of the world that are now arid. For a while, at least, rainfall could turn the Sahara Desert into a garden, benefiting those who live on the continent of Africa. The melting ice caps would also cause a gradual rise in the levels of the seas and oceans.

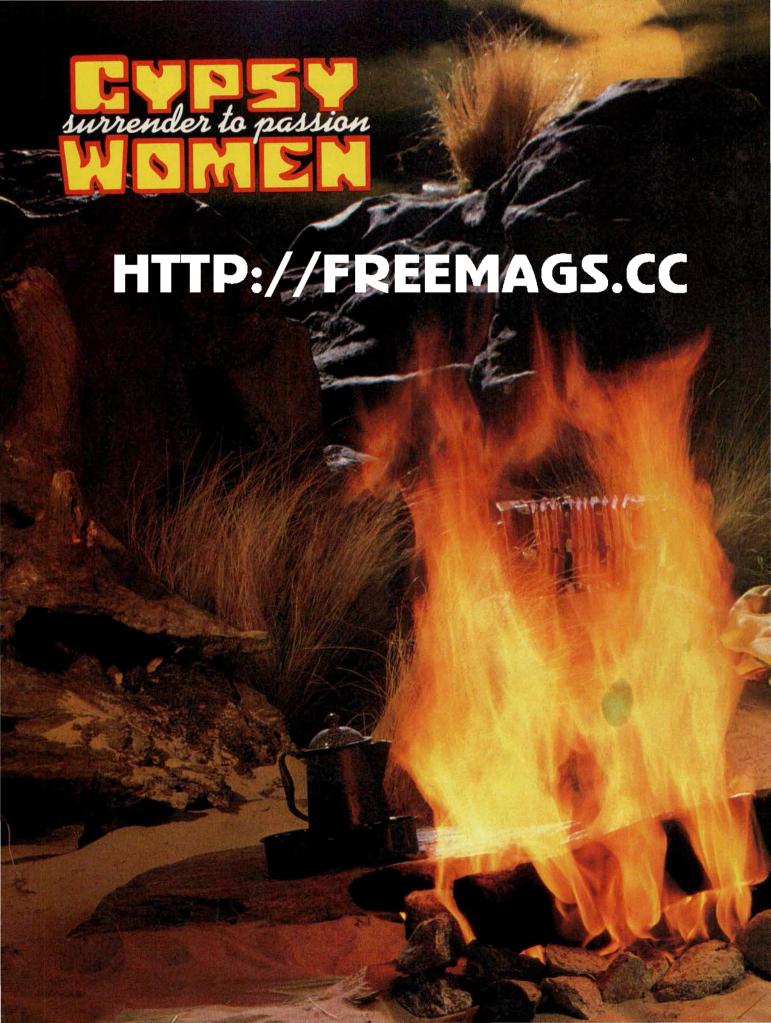
On the other hand, the increasing heat from the sun would bring some built-in drawbacks. As temperatures became more tropical, areas now suitable for farming because of weather, soil quality and irrigation water would become hotter and drier. Eventually, many of these places—such as America's Midwest—would become too parched for farming or for comfortable living. Civilization would be forced to move toward

(continued on page 54)





"Just to be safe, I keep my wallet and keys under my foreskin."





















(continued from page 42)

the poles in search of temperate weather and plentiful food sources.

And while all this was happening, the ice caps would continue to melt, and the coastal waters would continue to rise—foreshadowing the inevitable doomsday.

While construction of an actual greenhouse covering the world is impossible, we are already simulating a giant greenhouse made of deadly chemicals. As a result, millions of tons of carbon dioxide are trapped each year in the atmosphere. Most of this potentially lethal material comes from two sources: factories owned by big corporations that insist on burning cheap coal to maximize profits; and automobiles, which rely upon another fossil fuel, petroleum.

In 1979, scientists at a Hawaiian observatory who kept tabs on carbon dioxide in the atmosphere said the substance had increased by 15% between 1958 and 1979. The National Academy of Science estimated that approximately 41 billion tons of carbon dioxide had been put into the atmosphere during those years by the burning of fossil fuels.

Scientists have discovered that a layer of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere acts just like a pane of glass: It creates a massive greenhouse. No wonder they say that the potentially fatal Greenhouse Effect is already under way.

"Man is producing more than 6 billion tons of CO₂ [carbon dioxide] every year, and only a fraction of it is absorbed by the oceans, plus another small amount by the trees and green plants," says Fitzhugh Green, formerly with the Environmental Protection Agency. Green also mentions experts' predictions that the Greenhouse Effect will cause the melting of millions of tons of ice and snow, which "would elevate the global sea some 100 meters [328 feet] and bury all seaports and populated coastal zones underwater."

CO₂ buildup has already caused the melting of an estimated 10,000 cubic miles of polar ice in the past 40 years, raising sea levels an average of five inches and slowing Earth's rotation by nearly one-millionth of a second per day.

One reputable study anticipates 400 parts per million of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere by the year 2000. Green believes this would be sufficient to "probably warm the sea's surface, which when warmer gives up more CO2; and with more CO2 the air would be warmer, and the puzzling cycle would 'grow by what it feeds upon,' as Shakespeare said."

By itself, the melting of the Green-

land ice cap—1 million square miles and nearly two miles thick—would raise the level of the world's oceans about 20 feet. Twenty feet of water would flood most major seaports and coastal cities, making them uninhabitable.

Since carbon dioxide is the culprit, it's important to see where it comes from and how it is normally handled by our environment. The gas, which is colorless and has a faint odor, occurs naturally in very small quantities in the atmosphere. It is not usually thought of as an air pollutant, because it does not change the color of the sky by appearing as smog. It cannot be seen pouring out of smoke stacks or the exhaust pipes of buses.

"CO₂ may still be far more dangerous than any of the gases or solids previously identified as atmospheric pollutants," says meteorologist Harold Bernard Jr., who analyzed the problem in his 1980 book *The Greenhouse Effect*. "There is a lot more of it around now, and that—scientists have recently come to recognize—we do not need."

When fossil fuels such as coal and oil are burned, carbon dioxide is released into the air. And as the demand for energy escalates along with the world's population, the amount of CO₂ being released increases substantially.

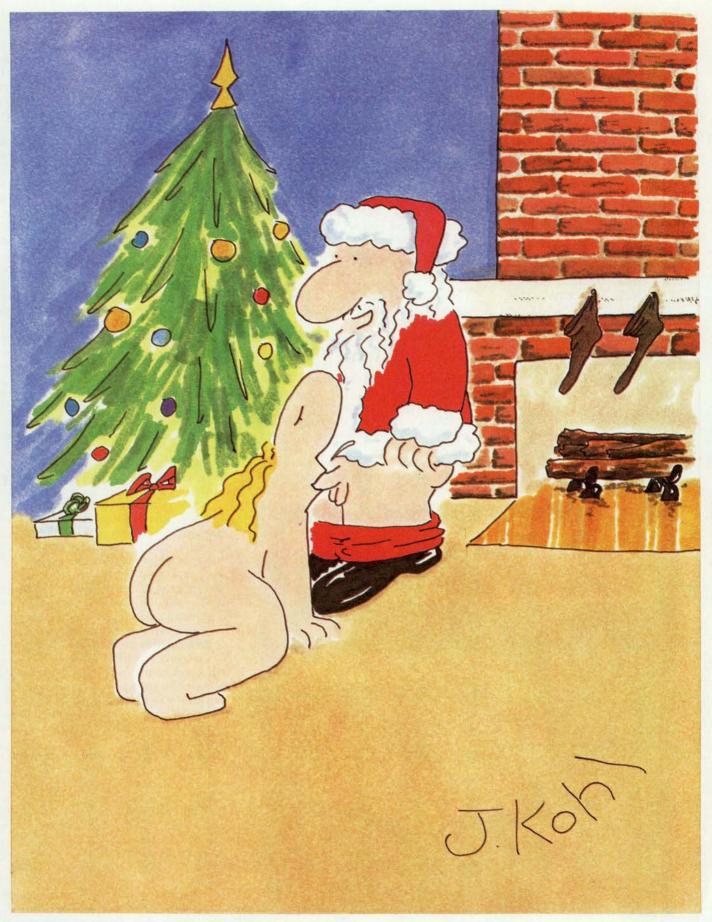
Our environment has ways of dealing with normal amounts of atmospheric carbon dioxide. The oceans and marine plant life absorb some of the gas. On land, CO2 is used by plants and trees in the photosynthesis process, converting the gas into oxygen while taking nutrients from it. (Humans, on the other hand, convert oxygen into carbon dioxide; we inhale air for the oxygen it contains and breathe out CO2.)

Science writer Lowell Ponte points out that decaying plants return CO₂ to the atmosphere, and that the substance is present in such building materials as plaster, wood and concrete, from which it escapes by decay and burning.

"As you breathe while reading this, you [also] release CO2," he says in his book *The Cooling*. "Because this CO2 was probably captured by other living things only recently, its release causes no harm. When you drive a car, however, or burn fossil fuels to heat your home, you are releasing carbon dioxide locked up in the bodies of plants millions of years ago when the earth's climate was tropical."

While trees and plants absorb some carbon dioxide, the oceans consume substantially more. But as the temperature rises, the ability of the seas to consume CO₂ decreases, because colder water absorbs more of the gas. Since the Greenhouse Effect is a never-ending





"This is great! I usually just get milk and cookies!"

spiral, it should be no surprise that as oceans heat up, their waters will stop absorbing CO₂ and start releasing it. So what now serves as a processor of atmospheric carbon dioxide will eventually become a source of the gas.

Similarly, trees (which now process CO₂ through photosynthesis) will disappear as we cut down more timber and as environmental perils like tree-stripping gypsy moths and acid rain—the poisonous liquid-and-solid fallout from air pollution—wreak havoc in our forests.

The bottom line is that mankind is releasing more and more carbon dioxide into the atmosphere; at the same time, man as well as natural forces are reducing the processes that absorb CO₂. And as carbon-dioxide levels in the atmosphere increase, the situation will worsen at a potentially disastrous rate.

Some scientists speak of "runaway greenhouses" or "greenhouses gone berserk," using the planet Venus as an example of the raging inferno Earth could become. America's Pioneer 2 satellite and the Soviet Union's Venera still orbit Venus, and other probes have entered the planet's fiery atmosphere and crashed on the molten surface. These missions have given scientists the following information:

Temperatures on Venus are above

900° Fahrenheit. The sun cannot be seen, although the atmosphere shimmers with a miragelike, pinkish glow. Volcanoes on the planet's two "continents" spew ash and lava onto their arid exteriors. No breezes cool Venus' surface. But 30 miles above, a stiff wind blows at 120 miles per hour. And above this jet stream is a layer of sulfuric smog.

Encompassing Venus' atmosphere is a layer of water vapor and carbon dioxide so thick that it resembles the consistency of Jell-O. Like carbon dioxide here on Earth, the CO₂ allows the sun to send light to the planet's surface and traps the reflected heat.

Scientists say that at one time large oceans existed on Venus. For reasons still unknown, the buildup of water vapor combined with carbon dioxide and the increasing "runaway greenhouse" created by the CO2 turned the place into a planetary hell. Some believe that the water which once covered much of Venus got so hot—because of the Greenhouse Effect—that it literally boiled away. Through a complicated chemical process, the hydrogen and oxygen that composed the water were gradually expelled from the Venusian atmosphere over millions of years.

As far as we know, the devastating result of the Greenhouse Effect did not wipe out any race of beings, end any civ-

ilizations or eliminate any forms of life. But what if a runaway greenhouse were to happen here? It is possible, some scientists say, that our world could also become an inferno. If that happens, of course, mankind won't have to worry; long before the unbearable fires begin, we'll have disappeared from the planet we call home.

Donald E. Carr, author of *The Sky Is Falling*, criticizes mankind for failing to come to grips with the problem. "If the earth becomes another fiery desert like Venus," he says, "only astronauts who flee to Mars or the Moon or Io or Titan will escape from being roasted like the pigs we are." (Io and Titan are two of Saturn's moons.)

There are several theories about how long it's going to take for the full-scale Greenhouse Effect to start causing devastation on Earth. Some observers believe that if we weren't now in the cool phase of a natural warming-cooling trend, we would already be feeling increased heat caused by the Greenhouse Effect.

"Since the 1940s the northern half of our planet has been cooling rapidly," notes Lowell Ponte, who recently predicted that the next five winters could be among the coldest in our nation's history. He says that the amount of sunshine coming to Earth is diminishing but won't bottom out until 1986.

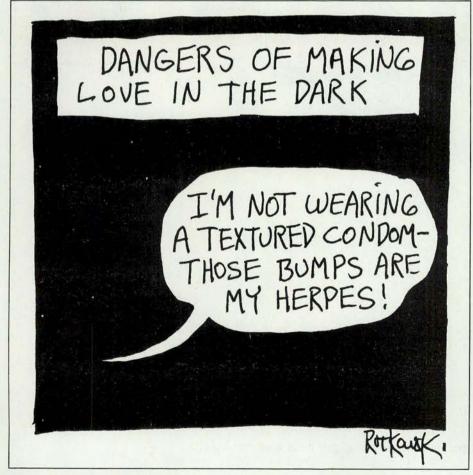
While it remains to be seen if there will be appreciable increases in temperatures after the cycle ends, a sudden and permanent hot spell would come as no surprise to several prominent researchers and writers. W. Lawrence Gates, director of the Climatic Research Institute in Corvallis, Oregon, says there could be a "climatic catastrophe" in the next century as a result of increased amounts of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere.

Last July a National Research Council report said it was likely that a doubling of the amount of carbon dioxide in the air—which could occur by the middle of the 21st century—would raise the temperature on Earth 2.7 to 8.1 degrees Fahrenheit.

"If significant warmth resulting from the CO₂ Greenhouse Effect were to persist over a number of centuries," warns author Harold Bernard Jr., "the Greenland and Antarctic ice caps would melt, and oceans would rise, flooding the world's coastal cities." Fitzhugh Green predicts the Greenhouse Effect horrors could happen "over decades, at the fastest."

No matter when experts anticipate things will start to become troublesome, they agree that increased burning of fossil fuels is pumping more and more

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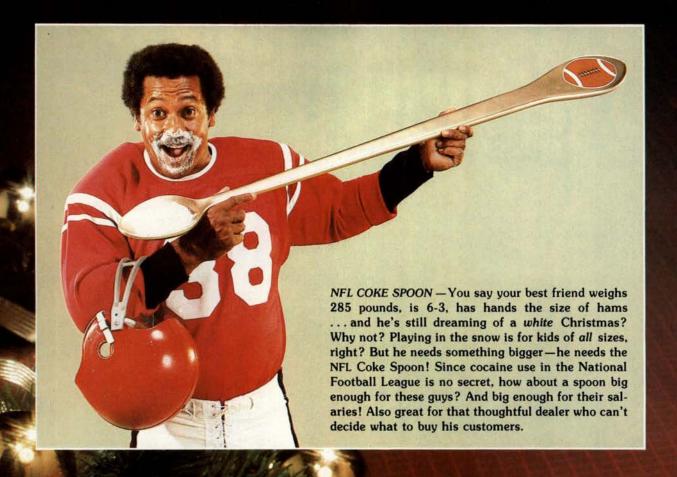
HUSTLER'S tmas hristmas Gift Guide

n keeping with the E.T. spirit this Christmas, we're predicting an invasion of Extra-Tasteless advertisements and holiday hype that are bound to alienate the recession-weary public. American consumers need to be nagged into spending big bucks this Christmas like Lebanon needs another air raid. But the commercials will be there—telling you that your loved ones can't live without video games,

exotic perfumes, designer jeans and another five-record collection of some washed-up singer's greatest hits. And just as inevitable is our priceless contribution to this holiday tradition—the annual HUSTLER Christmas Gift Guide. These are the gifts that match the crass commerciality of the season. So what if they don't exist? It's the tastelessness of the thought that counts.



THE OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN — Whether the lady in your life wants to get physical or get a specimen for a physical, this combination toilet/tape deck is ready for the girl on the go! Special features include a self-rewinding tape that plays "Make a Move on Me" each time you flush. When fans of Olivia Newton-John see this gift on Christmas morning, they'll shit!





RICHARD NIXON BOOMERANG—He's back again! And he always will be, with this nifty boomerang bearing the likeness of our ever-popular 37th President. Now anyone can throw a curve just like the one Nixon threw at the American public ten years ago. And just like his, it'll land right back in your lap. Besides, what gift could be better to represent Tricky Dick? It's crooked!



THE RUBBER SCRUBBER — The economy is too bad for a rubber to be used once and thrown away. Unless it's served time in a herpes victim, any condom can be recycled. The Rubber Scrubber is the modern way to avoid doing the wash by hand and the perfect device to make your rubbers "come" clean.

SWEATY BALLS COLOGNE—It's the cologne for gay men, with the captivating scent of perspiring testicles. You just squeeze the balls and out comes a fragrance carefully aged in the jockey shorts of San Francisco. St. Nick will have to watch out when he bends over to put this present under the tree.



BABY LOVE CANAL —From Love Canal to Three-Mile Island, and from anywhere near the toxic-waste land-fills that poison this country, kids will never be the same. The high incidence of birth defects near these sites calls for a doll that will make the children feel normal. Baby Love Canal comes in her own dangerous-waste canister and has hair that falls out just like your daughter's. And while some dolls can wet, Baby Love Canal can take a toxic dump! Sold only where people shouldn't live.



(continued from page 56)

carbon dioxide into the atmosphere. They also concur that wide-scale cutting of forests eliminates a natural "processor" of CO₂. In addition, the cultivation of natural meadows and former forestlands reduces the amount of humus in the soil—introducing new crops that emit more carbon dioxide when they decay. As the ocean gets warmer, the experts say, it will absorb less and less CO₂ and might finally start producing the gas.

In short, the situation is worsening.

Some experts believe that the Greenhouse Effect is irreversible. A few think something can be done about it. Even those, however, doubt that mankind has the strength of purpose to take the drastic steps necessary to forestall or prevent the superheating of our world and its atmosphere by solar rays. Since it's difficult to get people worried about something that can't be seen, smelled or felt, quite possibly nobody will give a damn about the Greenhouse Effect until temperatures start to rise dramatically.

"If we wait until there is absolute proof that the increase in CO₂ is causing a warming of Earth, it will be 20 years too late to do anything about it," warns Dr. George Woodwell of the Marine Biological Laboratory in Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

Harold Bernard Jr. also emphasizes the need to take immediate measures. "In consideration of the severe climatic consequences that may befall us, the nearly half-century required to switch primary energy sources, and the current government program encouraging the development of synthetic fuels that will add even more CO₂ to the air, it is obvious that the action to step away from fossil fuels must begin now," he says.

"Ours is the generation that may have to act, and act courageously, to phase out our accustomed reliance on fossil fuels before . . . such action is absolutely necessary," adds Dr. J. Murray Mitchell Jr., a senior research climatologist at the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration.

In other words, we must reduce consumption of coal and petroleum now, even before the majority of us have been convinced that their further use will prove fatal to life on Earth. Waiting that long may be too late.

"If we harbor any sense of responsibility toward preserving spaceship Earth, and toward the welfare of our [descendants]," Mitchell continues, "we can scarcely afford to leave the carbon-dioxide problem to the next generation."

The Reagan Administration, however, has not only continued to depend on oil and coal but is actually stepping up the use of coal as a way of maintaining self-sufficiency from Arab and other petroleum-producing nations. The only other alternative, government officials insist, is nuclear energy—an option, as the Three Mile Island incident will bear out, with very grave implications. Stubbornly, the administration sidesteps the promising possibilities of solar energy, of wind-generated power and of electricity as replacements for the internal-combustion engine.

Politics plays a big part in the reluctance to change. During the first six months of 1982 the oil and natural-gas industries contributed more than \$3 million to upcoming Congressional campaigns—far more than any other industry group. Elected officials who receive such generous sums are not likely to vote petroleum and related industries out of business.

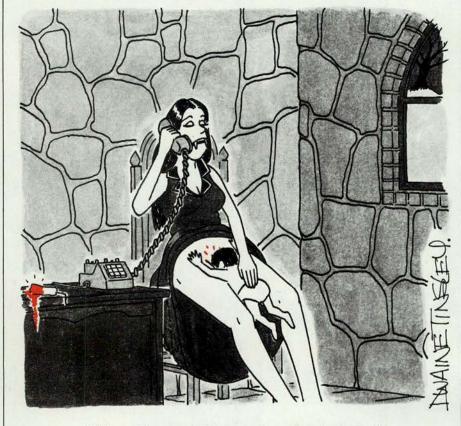
Nor can environmentally minded politicians be expected to steer us away from fossil fuels by okaying more dams or more nuclear-power plants. Legislators are not going to ban gasoline-guzzling automobiles, buses or trucks from our streets. Nobody will ask us to stop burning oil for electricity if it means we won't have the power necessary to run our televisions, dishwashers, stoves and heaters. And nobody, at least not yet, is suggesting that millions of factory employees be thrown out of work to curtail industrial pollution.

Yet some variations of these severesounding measures must be considered to avoid the ominous impact of the Greenhouse Effect.

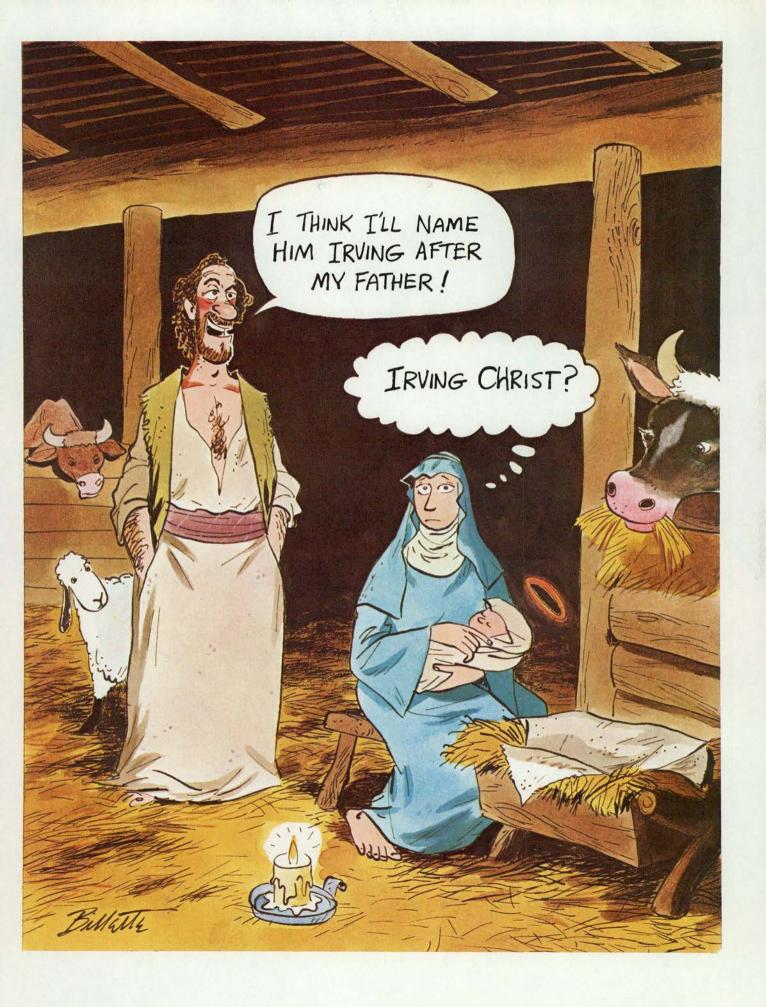
We are advised to cut down on energy use so that pollutants causing smog and acid rain will be reduced. It is suggested that we walk instead of drive and take the bus instead of the car. We are told to wear a sweater and keep the thermostat down in the winter, to suffer a little bit instead of flicking on the air conditioner during muggy summer days.

But only a small percentage of the world's population heeds such warnings. The typical citizen asks, "What good does it do if I stop driving a car that belches carbon dioxide into the atmosphere, if everyone else stays behind the wheel of his or her automobile?" or "Why should a few hundred workers at one factory be put out of work because their plant is a potentially dangerous source of CO₂, when other factories continue to release more and more carbon dioxide?"

The answer is that we must start taking steps now if—and this is a big if—
(continued on page 134)



"Oh, nothing much, Mom. Just nursing the baby."





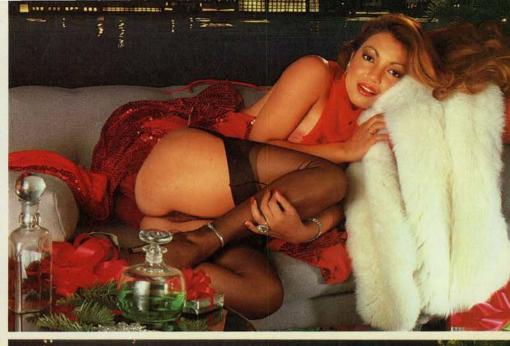






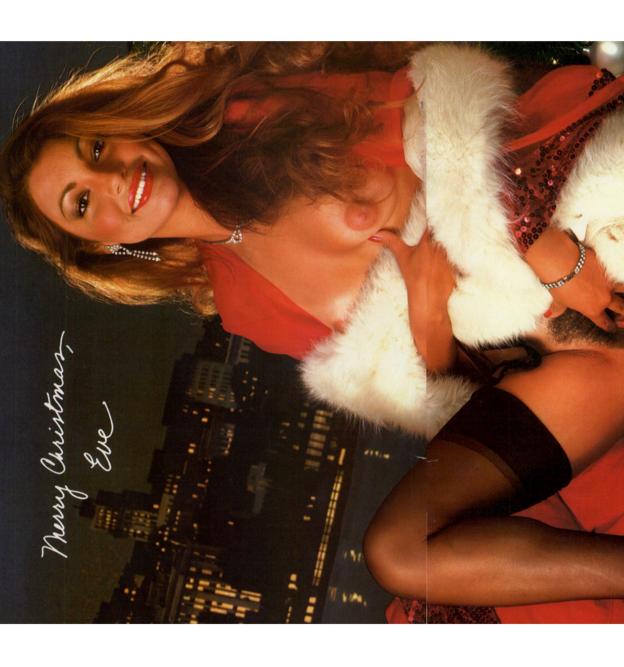




















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t the hospital a proud father was given permission to have a few moments with his newborn baby. "Son," he said, "I want you to know that it's a man's world out there. Men are the decision makers, the movers, the shakers. If you want something, all you have to do is work for it, and no one will stand in your way—because you are a man. Now, be brave and don't cry while they cut the tip of your dick off."

The couple sat glumly in the marriage counselor's office. "This all started the morning after our honeymoon," the man said. "I was groggy when I woke up, and I absentmindedly laid a \$20 bill on the pillow."

"Well, that's an understandable mistake," the counselor said. "You were just recalling your earlier days when you sowed your wild oats."

"I know that!" the man snapped. "But then my bride opened one eye and said, 'You're 20 bucks short, needledick.'"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Preparation* H as: dingleberry jam.

The young girl, embarrassed and trembling with fear, confessed to her mother that she was pregnant. Shocked, the mother gasped, "Oh, you stupid girl, where was your head?"

The girl responded, "Under the steering wheel, Mom. But what's that got to do with it?!"

Question: How many Californians does it take to screw in a light bulb? Answer: Zero. Californians screw in hot tubs.

The wife sat up in bed and asked her husband, "Why don't you ever go down on me?!"

"I don't know," he said sheepishly. "I just don't want to."

"Is it because you think my cunt isn't clean?!" she demanded.

"What?" the husband said.

"I said, 'Is it because you think my cunt isn't clean?!"

"What?"

"What's with you, Herb? Are you deaf?!" the woman asked.

"I'm sorry," the husband said. "The flies are buzzing so loud, I can't hear you."

Question: What's the difference between a beer and a booger?

Answer: A beer goes on the table, a booger under the table.

After attending a Mexican bullfight, an American tourist ate supper at a nearby cafe. While eating, he noticed a fellow dining on two large, juicy meatballs and called over the waiter. He explained that the dish was called *El Toro Cojones* and came from the bull slain at the arena.

A few days later the tourist returned to the cafe and ordered *El Toro Cojones*. However, when the dish was served, there were only two small, shriveled meatballs on his plate. Disgusted, he summoned the waiter. "This isn't what I ordered! I expected two large meatballs, just like the ones that fellow was dining on the last time I was here."

The waiter smiled and replied, "The bull, senor, he does not always lose."

The young but dim couple were seeing the family

doctor. "We've been trying to have a baby for weeks now," the young bride told him, "and nothing seems to work."

"What position are you in when your ejaculation occurs?" the physician asked the husband.

"What's ejaculation?" the young man said.

"Well, uh, that's your climax," the doctor informed him.

"Oh, you mean when I shoot the white stuff," the husband said happily. "Mary Beth says that stuff's icky; so I shoot it into the sink before we fuck."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines proctologist as: a crack investigator.

Question: Why did God make Adam white? Answer: Did you ever try to take a rib from a black dude?

Ronald Reagan had just arrived in hell and was being shown around the place. Passing a pit filled with unspeakable slime and filth, he saw John Dean covered up to his waist, with Haldeman and Ehrlichman submerged up to their necks. A little farther on, Reagan saw John Mitchell standing only knee-deep in the stuff. "Hey," said the President to his tour guide, "how come old Mitch rates such preferential treatment?"

"Don't worry about it," the guide said. "He's standing on Nixon's shoulders."

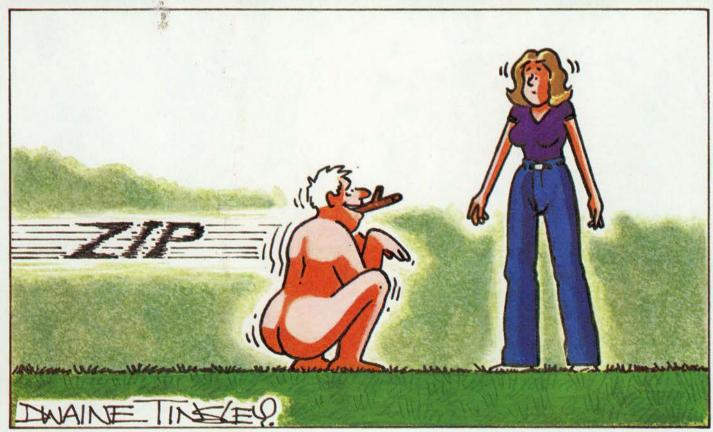
HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—but we cannot return submissions.

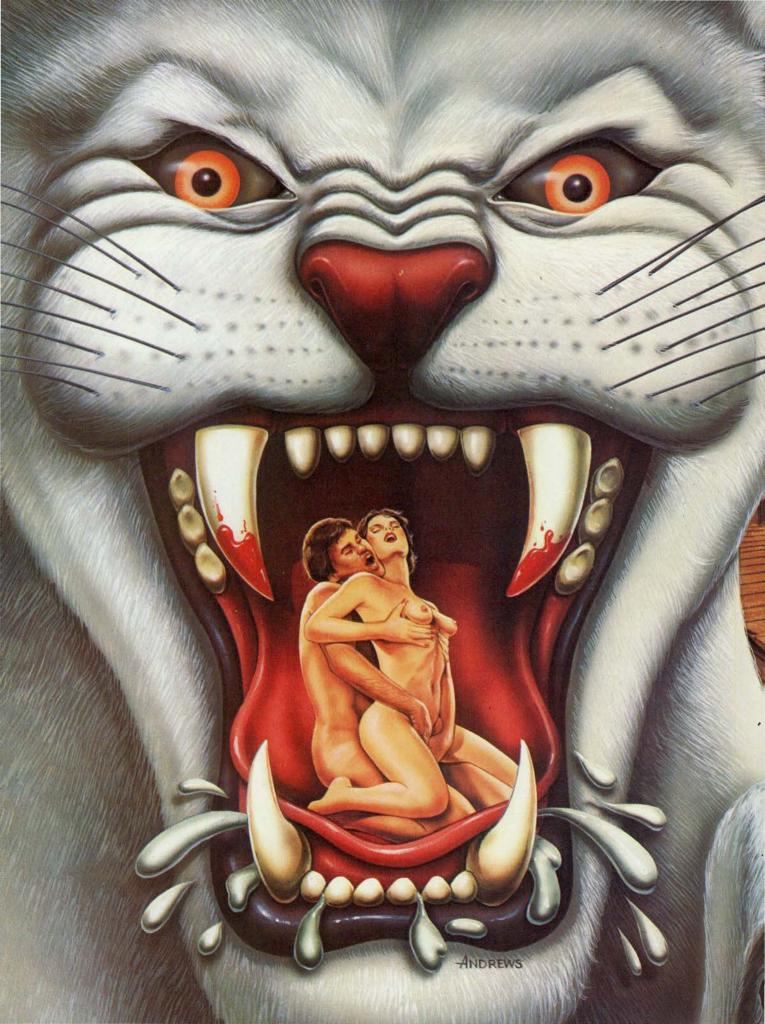


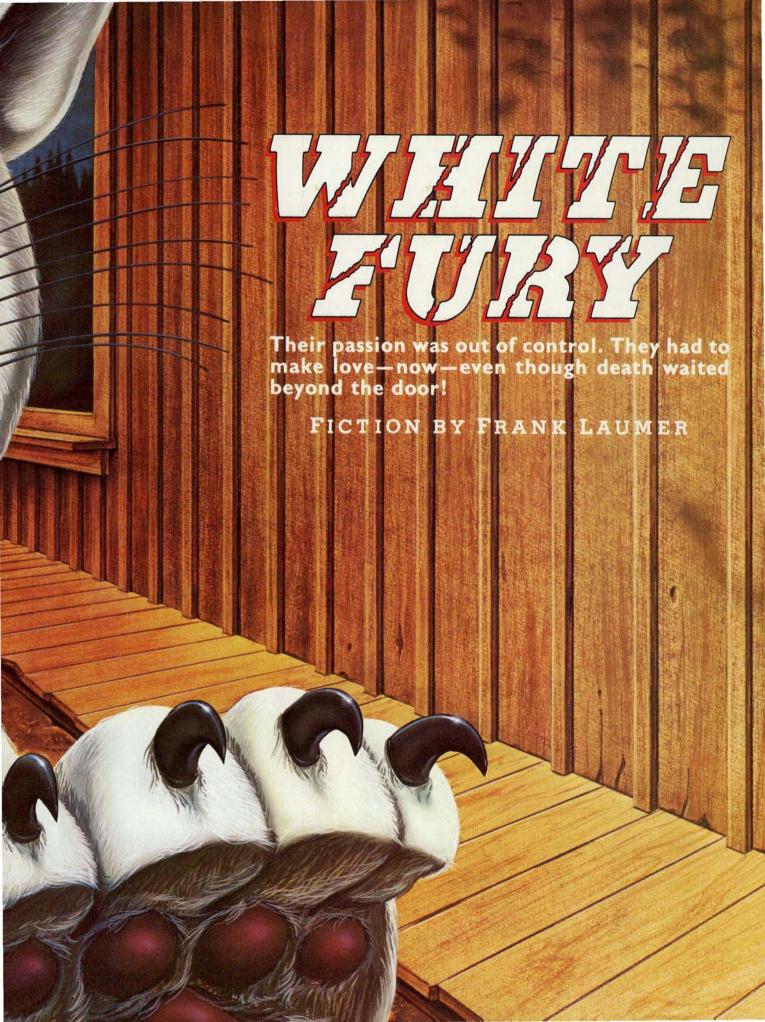
CHESTER MOLESTER











he main street of Chuli, Florida, was a dusty trail paved with crushed oyster shells. Along one side of it ran a rotting wooden sidewalk and a row of weatherbeaten, boarded-up stores. What should have been the other side of the street was occupied by a swamp. There wasn't a sign of life the day I came back to it—unless you'd consider a parked red Chevrolet Camaro with one door open lively.

Chuli hadn't been famous for action 15 years ago, when I left to join the Marines. And it seemed as if nothing much had happened since. As for me, I'd had enough action in a place called Vietnam to last me the rest of my days. Nam was a hellhole that could swallow a man's life—or, worse yet, ruin it. I had

good reason to know....

Except for the gas station, which looked like it might still be pumping a little petrol, the whole town seemed deserted. But I'd expected the emptiness, really. With the old sawmill out of logs for the past few years, there was nothing to keep anyone around, and most of my former neighbors had packed up and moved away. At least that's what I heard in letters from friends during my wanderings around the country after my discharge from the Marine Corps.

I hadn't planned on stopping in

Chuli, but I pulled my jeep up behind the Camaro with the open door. It was from out of state and was more or less new. Suddenly, I wanted to take a better look at it.

Tourists are like beer cans—you find them everywhere, especially in Florida. Don't ask me why that red car caught my attention. Perhaps it was something I'd learned in combat. It just didn't look right.

Maybe that's why I didn't even get out of my jeep before I called out, "Anybody in there?" But I didn't hear a sound—at least nothing louder than my engine idling. The Camaro was empty, unless the passengers were lying down. I stared at the right front door, the one that hung open.

I killed the motor and instantly felt like I'd drown in the silence. Any birds in the neighborhood were holding their breath, and even the mosquitoes had left.

Maybe nothing was wrong...and I knew damn well nothing was sighting in on me. But I didn't like being the only man onstage. I got out of the jeep, feeling strangely vulnerable. The Winchester 1200 slide-action lay between the bucket seats, beside my new Shake-speare ALFA spin-rod. Yet I left it there. If the guy and his girlfriend in the front seat sat up and said, "April Fool," I

didn't want to look like a complete idiot.

I went forward and carefully touched the rear corner of the car. No shock, no bombs went off—just hot metal. Somehow that was comforting. In fact, I started kidding myself: What is this with all the suspicion? The war's been over for years, remember? But it wasn't too funny, because for me Nam hadn't really ended at all... and perhaps it never would. Maybe I was looking for an armistice back here in Chuli.

I peered into the left rear window, then the front. A carton of Camels with one pack out, a woman's scarf, a road map, a small pack of Kleenex and a pair of dark glasses made up the inventory. Then I walked around to the front of the car, and there he was, lying dead among the oyster shells.

He was a man in his 40s, if I could believe what was left of his face. He was on his side, curled up like a baby. His knees were drawn up and his shoulders hunched, as if he were trying to hide the fact that his stomach was gone. His blood made a big stain on the bleached, dry road.

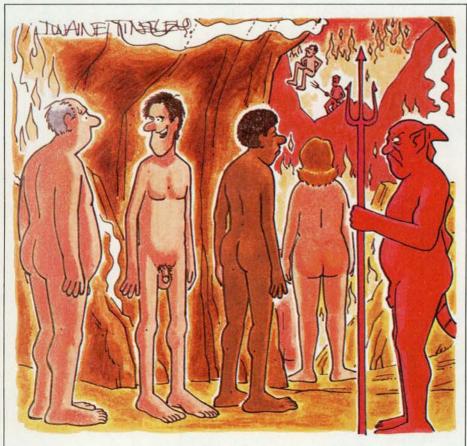
I was in a crouch by the left front wheel, and I could feel the hair on my neck trying to stand up. Then I saw the tracks. The pad was as big as a man's palm, and the claws must have stretched two inches apart. It was made by some kind of a cat—but bigger than anything I'd ever seen in a zoo.

I swiveled, still crouching. As before, the street was empty, the plank sidewalk deserted. Then I saw them. Through the heavy glass of the drugstore, which wasn't boarded up but seemed to be barricaded from the inside, two faces gaped at me in horror. Arms motioned frantically for me to get in there quick.

I began to run. Nothing clever—no bobbing and weaving—but running for my life like a kid for home plate. The door jerked open just before I hit it, then slammed shut; and I was inside, rolling. I came up on my feet in the gloom and heard a crash right behind me, as something hit the strong oak door like 200 pounds of wet and dirty wash. The narrow glass panel held, but the frame shook, and the walls echoed the impact.

I squinted out at the light and saw it rear up to tear at the glass and wood with talons like meat hooks. The creature must have stood over six feet. Below the short and screaming jaws, the long, taut body was the color of dirty snow. A white panther—a native swamp kitty—and a monster straight out of a nightmare.

A fat, middle-aged man in a cheap, pale-green suit gave a last heave against a heavily varnished display cabinet,



"Actually, I'm hoping to get into management."



"Say, what the hell are you doing with that condom?!"

blocking the door I'd come through. Then he leaned against the cabinet, staring outside. An attractive woman with short, dark hair was beside him, leaning against piled-up racks and cases that blocked the other door. She was facing into the room. Her head was bent forward, and I thought she was crying.

Through a gap between the two barricades, I could see the cat standing silently, sizing us up. It was utterly calm now. Behind it loomed the great, dark swamp that had spawned the beast. At last it swung its head away, and without a sound seemed to flow across the walk and up the street, out of sight.

"Welcome to Chuli, brother," the fat man drawled. "You came in the hard way." His puffy face smiled at me, and his right arm came out automatically. He had the shallow, light-fingered shake of a man who does a lot of it and tries to protect his hand.

"Not as hard as our friend in the street," I said.

The sweat on the man's face seemed to cool a little, like a quick freeze on a wet tomato. He let go of my hand, turning to look outside again. "A tragedy—a real tragedy. Never had a chance! Cat came outa nowhere," he sighed. There was something about his manner that didn't ring true. I recognized him—and liked him even less....

The woman lifted her head; she looked close to shock. I guessed her to be over 30, but she had the kind of figure that said it didn't matter. Some women are like that. In spite of time and place, they turn something on in a man. The neat legs, some muscle in them but not too much, the flat belly and trim waist above the swell of well-planned hips—and the breasts. Breasts that thrust up clearly under any clothes, and best under none. She was that kind.

She was wearing high heels and stockings. I liked that. And even in the gloom I could tell that the more leg you saw, the better it looked. Her flowered-silk skirt and pale-blue blouse clung gracefully to her gentle curves. For a second I had the feeling we had met before—somewhere, sometime. Then it passed. I only wanted to meet her. I spoke.

"Lady, are you all right?"

She looked right at me, but I had the feeling she didn't see me. Her damp lips parted, and she said, "That's my husband out there."

The fat man shifted a little in the silence, the corners of his mouth working. "The little lady's pretty upset." He leaned toward me confidentially. "They got here about an hour ago. I was here waitin' for Clyde—he runs this place." He paused. "Guess I oughta introduce myself." He jutted his chins forward

while he snugged up a tie that looked like it had been cut out of linoleum. "I'm Roy Sellers, county commissioner. I represent the folks 'round here."

He was as tall as I, about six feet, and looking at him made me glad I'd kept in shape. He smelled of sweat and fear and cheap politics, and I didn't like him. I never had. When I'd left Chuli, I was a dumb kid, only 16. Six years in the Marines (including two in Nam), plus some pretty difficult years since, had changed me—inside and out. I was no better, maybe, but different.

Roy Sellers wouldn't remember. He'd been a deputy and had slapped me around a few times, like he did any kid he caught with a beer in his hand, or maybe a loud muffler in his car. Nothing personal, you understand. He just liked to hit people.

"Mister," I told him, "there's a dead man out there. What's going on, and what have you done about it? Isn't there a gun in this place? And where's Clyde?"

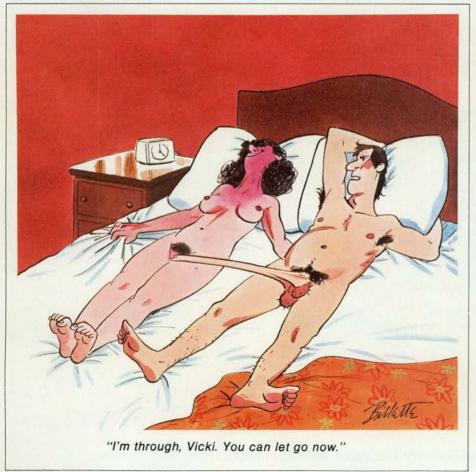
Sellers' mouth shut like a rat trap, and for a second I thought he'd take a swing at me. I hoped he would. Then his teeth flashed in a smile as sincere as a fraternity handshake.

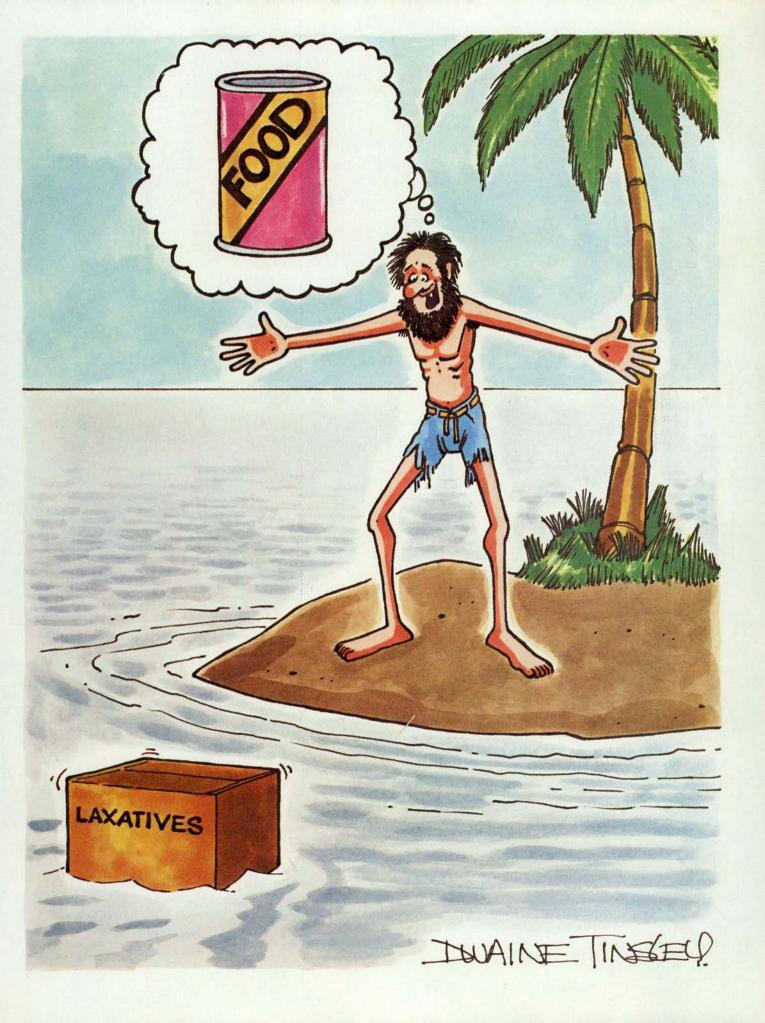
"Now, just a minute, young fella. There's nothin' to get riled about. We're safe in here, and help'll be along any time now." He leaned back against the barricade and fished out a wet handkerchief. He dabbed at his bald, pink head, careful not to disturb the nine hairs that crossed the top.

"Fuckin' cat snapped the phone line," he said, "and Clyde never keeps any guns 'round the place. But I've looked everything over." He waved a hand. "Nothin' here to tackle a cat with. Only thing to do is take it easy for a while, and my driver'll be back-that's Larry, the deputy. He'll take care o' that cat out there! Meanwhile, I treat to Cokes all around." And he gestured toward the fountain, the old-fashioned marble kind, chuckling at his own goodwill. Apparently he had the key to the place, and now he was acting like he owned it. I sensed a tacky, small-town power in him-but not the kind I could respect. He was more like the caretaker of a cemetery.

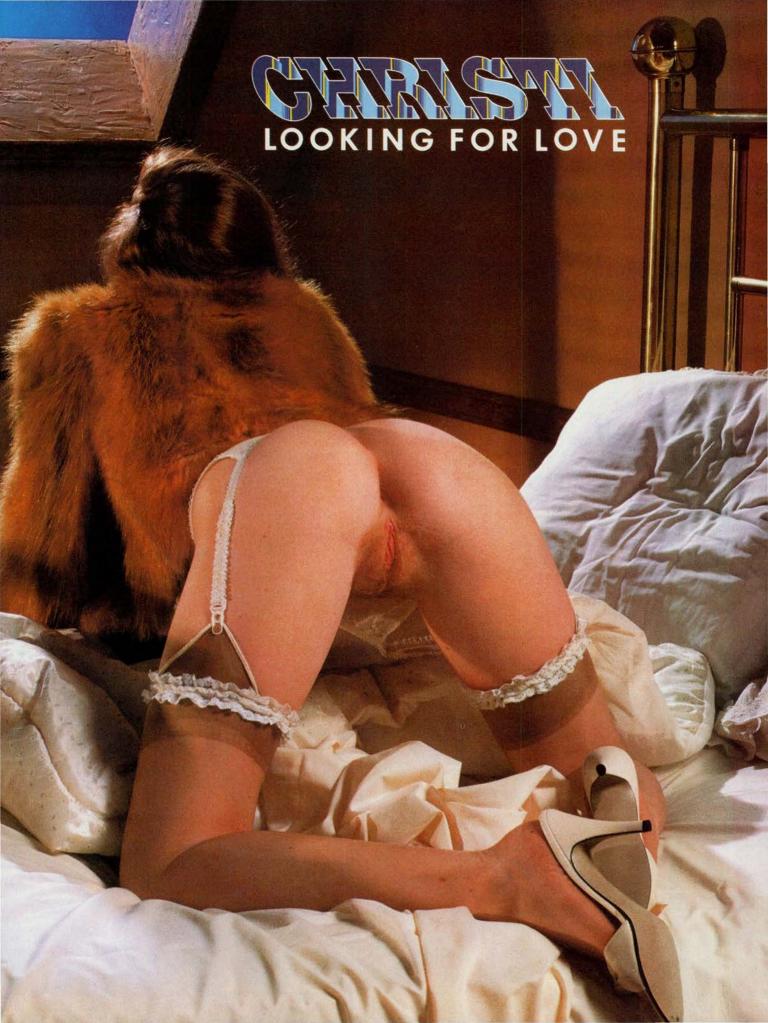
It was less than five minutes before we heard a car. Sellers swung off his stool real fast for a fat man. The woman remained silent. The county patrol car—a green-and-white Ford wagon, maybe two years old—had pulled up behind my jeep. Its long fishpole aerial was still swaying. I could see a big gold emblem on the side.

The car door swung open, and Larry stepped out into the street, hitching (continued on page 88)





















(continued from page 78)

at his belt. I remembered him from a long time ago-medium height, skinny, Adam's apple about as big as his chin. A crisp khaki uniform with a shoulder patch covered a bony frame, and his black-visored cop hat was slid back at what was supposed to be a go-to-hell angle. His left thumb was hooked in his belt, and the other hand covered the butt of his holstered pistol. Larry was ready for anything, including a talent scout.

"Does he know about the cat?" I asked Sellers.

"Naw-but he'll see it. Larry's a sharp boy. We got nothin' to worry about now," he said smoothly.

I was unconvinced. "If the cat sees him, he's a dead man. Come on, let's get this junk out of the way!" I shoved at the cabinet blocking the door and slid the end around.

"Hold it, boy!" Sellers' words didn't carry much weight, but his green suit did. His hip blocked the cabinet, and his pink face had lost its phony smile. "Just take it easy. Larry's got a sawed-off shotgun out there, and he ain't no kid. If the cat shows, he'll blow it in half! And anyway-what were you gonna do with bare hands?"

He shifted his hip, and the cabinet was back in place. I'd been wrong about the fat-it was muscle.

Larry swaggered up to my jeep, looked at the out-of-state license plates and nodded as if it meant something, then moved on to the red Camaro. He was looking in when something warned him. Those river kids were like that—you could never take them by surprise.

He whirled, must have seen the cat coming around the corner, and pulled out his pistol. He had guts, I have to say that for him. He didn't panic, didn't try to run. He just stood by the Camaro, firing from the hip like a real Hollywood cowboy, though he must have known a regulation .38 was as useless as a water pistol in the fix he was in. The albino hurtled into view and touched the ground like a feather duster before it was all over him.

I couldn't help it-too many guys in Nam had risked it all to save my skin too many times. I gave Fatso a shove and jerked the cabinet around. It crashed backward on the floor, and I reached for the knob. But before I could open the door, what felt like a freight train hit me from the side. And as the air exploded from my lungs, I felt my ribs go.

I spun to the left, trying to roll away from the battering ram, pedaling back and sideways to keep on my feet. Sellers, head down and plenty of steam still up, hit the display racks that stood against the wall. Paperbacks that had never made it big flew through the air. And over the pain in my chest I knew I had to get him before he got me.

Against his rage, strength and sheer weight, I was sure I'd never make it with busted ribs digging at my lungs like hot knives. Sellers had nearly straightened up, but his back was still turned when I brought my right hand down, stiff and hard, on his collarbone. His roar was like a wounded bear's. I heard the bone give, and his right shoulder slumped. He turned, holding the shoulder with his left hand, and I backhanded his fat, red face. His head swung to the side with the blow. He was wide open. I gave it everything I had, and my fist sank to the wrist in his gut. He dropped like a felled ox.

But I was too late for Larry. The cat was standing over a bloody heap that had been the deputy. As I watched, the beast arched its neck and licked carefully at its chest, for all the world like a giant house cat preening itself. But it was a man's blood that stained the animal's white fur.

It finished cleaning up, and its square muzzle swung heavily toward me. Slitted pink eyes stared straight through the window into mine. In that moment there were only two of us in that hot little world. I knew then that it figured me for its third kill. I watched as the cat moved effortlessly out of my field of vision.

Sellers was still unconscious. The woman leaned against the bar, catching her breath after all she had seen, her breasts thrusting up under the rich silk of her blouse. She was looking at me. "You tried to help him," she said quietly. Her voice was deep for a woman, and the edge was a little rough.

"Sellers had other ideas," I muttered. My left arm came up to my injured chest instinctively. Talking put the little knives back in my lungs.

"The bastard!" She'd have killed Sellers with those words if she could. She came toward me. "He let my husband die the same way." She paused and looked up at me. Her brown eyes were big with concern now as she saw the pain in my face. "I know a little first aid-let's see what the damage is."

In a moment she had my shirt open, her cool hands pressing, probing, assessing the injury. My skin felt hot, as if she had electricity in her fingers, and it had nothing to do with the pain.

She frowned and said, "I don't know. It feels like two ribs are broken. Try to take a deep breath."

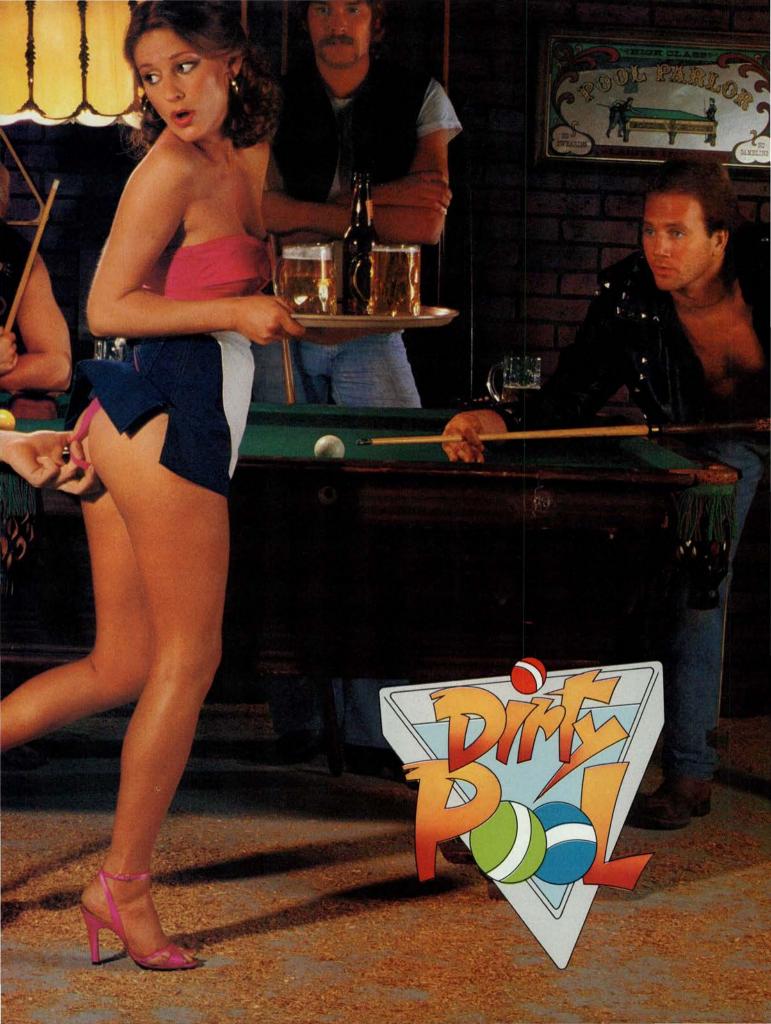
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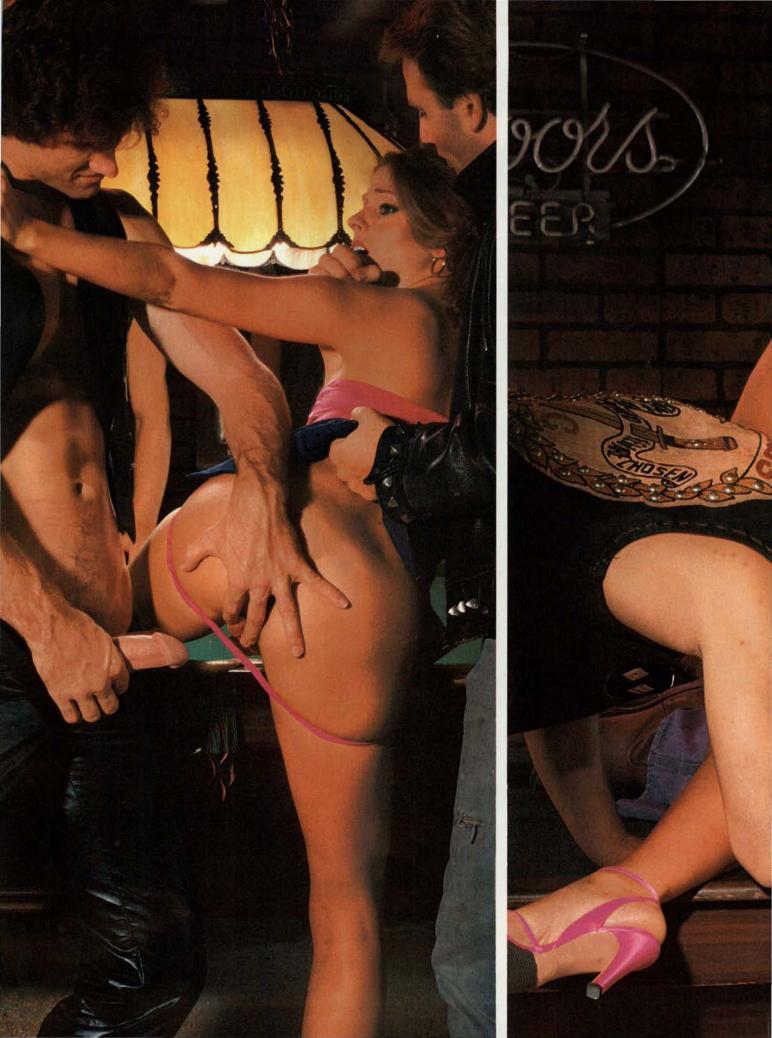




"You're really sick! You could have told me you were on your period before I raped you!"

















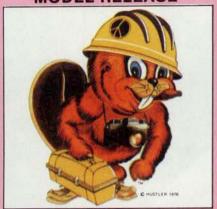








HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name

Name to Be Published

Address

Date of Birth

Phone (include area code)

Model's Social Security Number

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I also understand that if the editors so decide, my photographs can be published in GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION Magazine's photo contest, My Woman... My Wife, in which case the prize awarded is \$25, or in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature

Photographer

Date

WHITE FURY

(continued from page 88)

She cocked her head a little as I breathed in, her manner all clinical—which is more than I could say for mine. And the sudden lack of pain surprised me. Maybe I was just doped up on action, because it had sure hurt before. My heart was still pounding from the fight, or all the death in the street, or maybe the look that big cat had given me. Maybe all three. But I felt only excitement when I looked at her. She stood with her hands on those shapely hips, her short skirt holding in the filmy blouse that strained against her as she breathed.

"I'm all right. Forget it," I said, fighting the impulse to reach for her.

"You'll feel better if we can tape it up," she insisted. "There's a couch in the bathroom; you can lie down there while I do it." Her eyes scanned the store. "If this place is supposed to be a drugstore, there must be a roll of adhesive tape around. Those ribs need to be bound before the swelling starts."

It didn't take me long to find the firstaid section and some tape. "Here you are," I said with a smile. "Probably not more than ten years old, and about the only useful thing in Chuli—if there's enough of it, ma'am."

She managed a smile at my wry humor. "'Ma'am' sounds old! My name's Anne." She looked at me.

"I'm Bill. Nice to meet you, Anne—at this late date." We went into the large bathroom, a kind of lounge with a small room off to one side for the toilet, and I sat down on the couch. "Hell, you could throw a dance in here!" I told her.

"Get your shirt off," she said, tearing off a length of two-inch-wide tape. "There may be enough on this roll. Raise your arms."

I tossed the shirt down next to me on the couch and lifted my arms. She went behind me, anchored the tape on my back and started wrapping my chest with it.

"Force your breath out and hold it a moment. This ought to hold those ribs in place until you can have proper treatment," she noted. "If we get—I mean when we get out of here, go see a doctor right away. He'll need to X-ray you and make sure there aren't any splinters poking into your lungs."

Anne stood in front of me, putting the last strip into place. She held her thumbnail against the crisp, white edge and tore the tape with a sharp rip. This was a lot of woman—her husband dead in the street and no assurance that she'd get out of Clyde's alive; yet she could give first aid to a stranger and even smile a little. She'd really gotten to me.

I dropped my hands to her shoulders. "Thanks, Anne. I—"

She jerked away from me, wheeled and landed an open-palm slap that stung my face like a whip. I grabbed for her as she tried for the doorway and managed to get one arm around her before she could make it. I felt her nails rake my arm as her heel slammed against my shin.

"Now, just a damn minute, lady!" I yelled. I had my right arm under her chin, and I bent her backward over my leg; her feet were unable to kick me anymore, and enough breath was cut off that she gave all her attention to pulling at my arm to free her throat. "Damn it," I gasped, "hold still and listen to me! I wasn't attacking you. I just meant—"

I loosened my grip to let her have a little air, and she twisted like a wild thing, reaching up to claw at my face, her lips drawn in an animal snarl. I twisted with her, slinging her off her feet again. She landed as if she were that cat outside and crouched to strike once more. Then I saw the lost look in her eyes and knew the shock of events had finally gotten to her. She didn't know me—didn't know anything, except that the world was closing in and that she had to fight.

I was ready when she came up, and I met her with a slap that must have jarred her teeth, stopping her stock-still and putting her eyes back in focus. Her cheek glowed red from the sting, and her hands went to her face. Then, with a sob that would have melted the heart of a lead soldier, she was in my arms, and the tears came like they'd never stop.

I held her while she stood there shaking; she cried as she spoke. "Paul and I were washed up—had been for a long time," she told me. "Roy Sellers had some kind of hold over him; Paul never told me what, and I'm sure Sellers won't. Maybe I don't want to know. Anyway, Paul got me to come here so he could use me as a . . . a bribe to Sellers. He said if I wouldn't, he was as good as dead." She looked at the floor, clearly embarrassed. And I thought of what it had come to anyway, with Paul out there mangled in the street.

They had stepped out of the car at the drugstore to meet Sellers, and out of nowhere the panther had come. Paul could have gotten away, she told me—it was heading for Anne—but he had run right into it with bare hands to give his wife a chance.

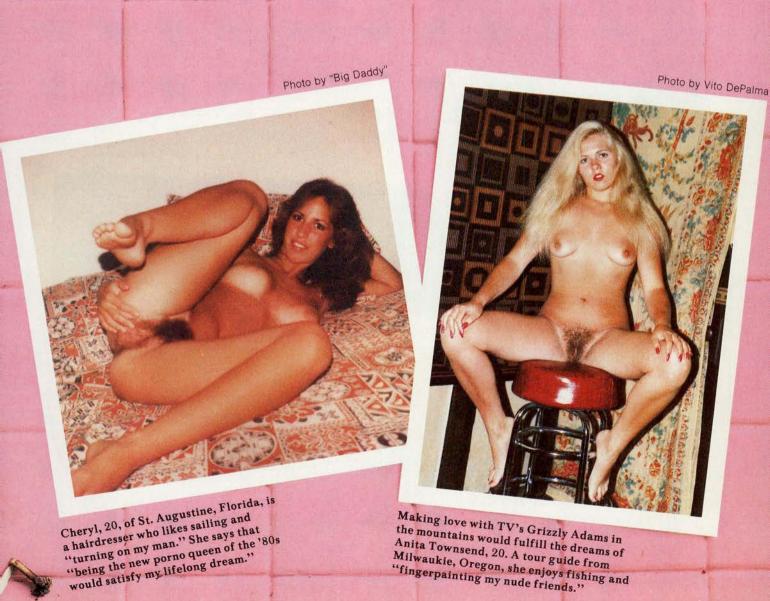
She had run into Clyde's, screaming for someone to help Paul, when Sellers had grabbed her and wouldn't let go—much less try to rescue her husband. She'd had to watch him die in the street,

(continued on page 108)

Beaver Funt

Looking for a novel way to celebrate the coming of 1983? Why not start things off right by showing your favorite Beaver how proud of her you are? Just snap a color photo, and if we print it, we'll send her \$50. Plus there's always the chance your Beaver will be chosen for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates. All submissions become the

nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Use the model release on page 102, or a reasonable facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her \$50.



Elke Erika Williams is a 27-yearold member of the U.S. Army
military police. This resident of
Adrian, Michigan, who swims,
skis, dreams of "going skinnydipping in the lake while making
of seaweed."

Photo by Jim Taylor

Making love on the beach with two
Making

Photo by Friend

Photo by Ronald Bordner

Lola Jean Whitledge is a secretary and barmaid from Mount Clemens, Michigan. This 26-year-old enjoys fishing, waterskiing and boating, and her fantasy is "to make love forever with the man who really loves me."



Photo by Ken Person Marquette, Michigan's Anne-Marquette, Michigan's Anne-Mari Pellegrini, 22, enjoys swimming and art. This waitress dreams of appearing with a HUSTLER Honey in a photolayout and making love with actor Christopher Reeve and New York Ranger hockey player Steve Weeks at the same time. Twenty-three-year-old Denise Twenty-three-year-old Denise
Elizondo swims and bowls in
Elizondo swims This housewife
her spare time. California, dreams
from Napa, California beach
of "making love on the summer
of the water, on a hot summer of making love on the beach by the water, on a hot summer night at sunset." Photo by Alan Schuwerk Photo by J. R. Spitza Twenty-year-old L. W. enjoys sailing, skiing, dancing, swimming

and music. A model from Loveland, Colorado, she fantasizes about spending a week on a deserted island with the Tampa Bay Buccaneers.



Donna, 23, is a secretary from Bauxite, Arizona, who "might consider another woman." She likes swimming, camping and needlepoint.

Twenty-three-year-old Laura
Scott fills her time with music and
Interior designing. This housewife
Interior Middle Village, New York,
I from Middle Village, New York,
I from Geams of "entertaining a group
I from of good-looking guys in front of
I front of the fireplace of a hunting lodge."



Photo by Edward Molar



Yoga, tennis and teasing men are the hobbies of R. B. W. This 24-year-old nurse from Alexandria, Louisiana, fantasizes about seducing Mr. Universe.





WHITE FURY

(continued from page 102)

torn to pieces by that white fury from hell.

"He hadn't been much of a man for a long time," she said softly. "But he made up for it when he died for me."

She talked it all out, her words punctuated by racking sobs that sent shivers through my body as her arms clutched me against her heaving breasts. Her thighs were pressed against mine, her head against my bandaged chest. The perfume in her tumbled hair reminded me of nights I'd never known but had dreamed of. I held her to me like a lost hope while she slowed and calmed. And then in the quiet I heard a sound near the bathroom door behind me.

I spun; Sellers was leaning against the doorjamb like an elephant against a tree, his hand still holding the busted shoulder. "Now, ain't this nice!" he sneered. "Just consolin' the widow lady, huh, boy? And her tellin' you how Roy Sellers, the people's choice, as good as killed her husband. That might look bad to the voters o' this here county."

He stared greedily at Anne, who was standing beside me, her hand on my arm. His wet lips worked. "She's a purty little piece, boy—can't fault your taste none." I remembered it was his lust that had forced Anne to come here today, bringing sudden death upon her husband. Sellers straightened, his bulk filling the doorway. "And when Roy gets done with 'em, they ain't got nothin' bad to say about him!"

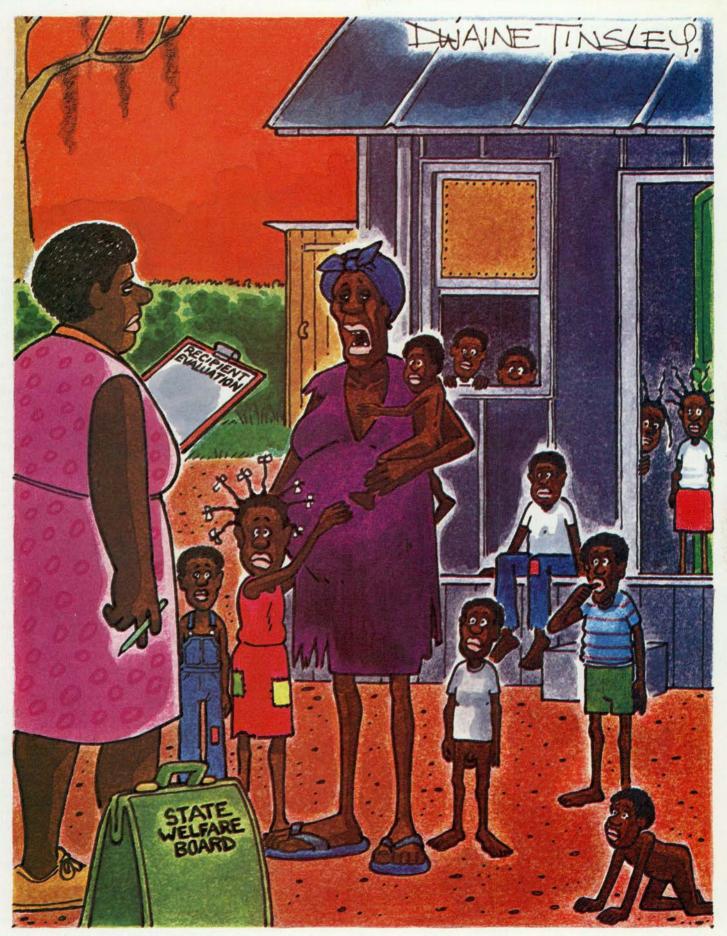
His eyes swung to me, and the look turned nasty. "You say your name's Bill, huh? Wouldn't be Billy Hartung, would it? Chuli hell-raiser when you was a kid? Got in some trouble with the law, I believe—I was deputy then, remember? Your daddy got you off by gettin' you in the Marines."

Sellers was smiling now—at Anne. "Seems like Billy here wasn't such a hero when he got into real fightin'," he told her. The fat man turned his smile to me. "Where was it, Billy? Hill 301, I think they called it. Your squad walked into a trap—wiped out to a man. Seems like one boy got away though—you."

He scratched his head as if puzzled. "Funny thing. Seems like the papers said you were on point—first man in the line—but you made it back, safe and sound. What did you do, Billy? Make a deal with the gooks? Trade the squad for your own ass?"

He shook his head, and suddenly the smile was gone. "Don't matter much. I'll git you—now!"

Even before he started forward, I was in the air—turning, my foot striking for



"We so poor de only-est luxury we can afford is fucking!"

his knee. I'd get him quick or not at all. My foot connected, but it wasn't right. Instead of solid resistance that would end in the snap of a joint, I felt his knee slip past-bruising, maybe-but bruises would never stop him.

I hit the floor and rolled, and he was on me. One knee, with close to 300 pounds behind it, was expelling the air from my lungs, while his good hand on my neck was squeezing like a hydraulic clamp.

I tried to twist left, then right, but I was pinned facedown under his body. I reached for his wrist. If I could get to the fingers, break them one by one. But he stopped me with his other hand, even though his shoulder was broken, taking my own wrist and doubling the arm back until it creaked.

I knew it must be hurting him too, but that didn't stop him. His knee was breaking my back; I knew I wouldn't make it. I tried to vell, but the hand on my neck had cut off all circulation, and I was only conscious enough to know that I was a goner. The world was hot knives and fiery pain. But I fought to hold on, slipped, grabbed consciousness again, thought I heard a crash-and then it was only blackness, and the stars had all faded from the night.

First was the simple awareness of be-

ing alive. That was a miracle I couldn't account for, but at the time I settled for it anyway. "Bill . . . Bill!" A voice that had lost its roughness caressed me with the word. Anne sat beside me on the floor, her hand on my cheek, and her sudden smile made it worth all the struggle and the pain.

I didn't remember how, but I'd managed to roll over on my back. Now I tried to push myself up. Anne said, "No, Bill, don't get up yet. It's all right. Sellers is dead."

"But how-I mean, I couldn't-" I saw him then, sprawled across the floor, and the "how" was written in blood: The red crease across the back of his skull told me all I needed to know. That and the rusty pipe next to his body. He lay facing away from us.

"He was going to kill you. I couldn't let him, Bill." Her eves were wet, and I felt her tremble. As I reached for her, she came to me like she'd never been away. Our mouths were hot and hungry. Her full lips bruised against my teeth, and her tongue stroked and probed. My hands moved down her sides to the soft swell of hips. Her hands were caressing my face and flowing down over my shoulders and arms, lighting fires with every touch as I lay there.

I fumbled with the catch on her skirt. But she drew back, eyes wide. For a

fleeting moment I was afraid she might go crazy again. But she merely whispered, "Here first," and reached for the top button on her blouse.

Her shoulders were drawn back, and her bosom stretched the silk. One by one, the buttons slipped free, the pressure forcing her blouse open. She removed it and reached back to loose her breasts. The bra fell away as she leaned down toward me, supporting herself with one hand. The other cupped one firm, white globe, squeezing it, making the nipple harden.

She brought her breast closer to me, fondling it, bouncing its heavy weight, teasing me-and teasing herself. I tried to raise my head so I could seize her with my mouth, but a searing jolt from my ribs stopped me and made me fall back. I knew she sensed my pain by the furrow of concern between her brows, the trembling of her full lips as she sought the right words.

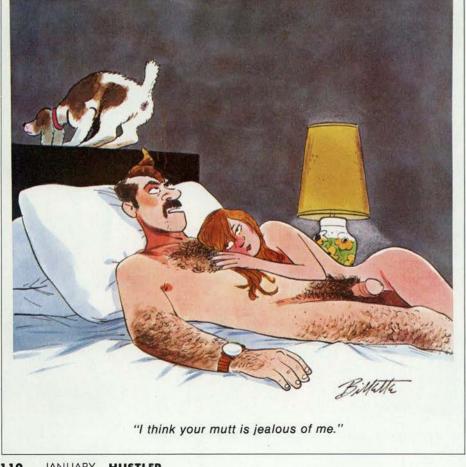
"Easy, easy!" Anne said, the frown turning to a half-lidded smile as she came lower, pushing the ripe nipple to my lips. I opened my mouth to take it, sucking it in, nicking it lightly with my teeth. I wanted more. And so I put one arm around her, pulling her nipple to me, and damn the pain. I opened my jaws wide for all I could take, feeling the nipple against the roof of my mouth, and sucked like a baby. It had been a long time; I wanted it all. She was straining hard against me now, filling my mouth. I eased her pressure with my arm, giving me room to pull back and move my head to take the other breast in its turn.

After a long moment Anne too pulled back, panting. She rose to her feet. "Now the skirt," she smiled, as if saying "Presto!" And indeed it was magic. The skirt slithered to the floor, and she stood naked except for high heels, stockings and white bikini panties that only emphasized the dark bush between her thighs.

I worked my belt loose eagerly, but Anne was more eager than I. Suddenly, she was kneeling in front of me, tugging my khaki trousers down, pulling the shorts free of my pain-racked body.

Lips parted, eyes shining, she looked at me hungrily as her hands moved down my legs and back up-fondling, squeezing, then gliding over my bandaged chest and down again. All at once she was on her side, stretched beside me in a 69 position, her head poised near my cock as I lay on my back.

I tried to sit up, but the pain in my chest was too much. The best I could do was raise my head enough to see her grab my prick with one hand and hold it straight up, lick her lips, then plunge (continued on page 130)





I've never had a special interest in little girls. I know they're strictly jailbait, to put it mildly, and I'm really not a dirty old man. I'm a handsome, well-hung young stud who likes to make it with ladies. So you can imagine my surprise and delight when I met Erika and was able to share her erotic fantasy with her.

I was stationed in West Germany with the Army, and liked it so much, I made up my mind to return there to live when I got out. About a year after my discharge I was able to return.

I had planned to live in Kassel, West Germany, but since my plane was landing in Frankfurt, I decided to stay there a few days before I moved on. My first night in Frankfurt I found me a hotel room and got some rest. But the next night I decided to check out some of the night-spots I used to go to when I was a GI.

Well, I ended up at the Oktoberfest, a little club on a side street about a block from the train station. As I was sitting in a booth drinking a big mug of beer, I noticed a beautiful chick sitting several tables away from me. She seemed to be alone; so I went over and asked her to dance.

When I got to her table, I was almost lost for words. The girl was a knockout. She had short black hair in a Dutch-boy cut, large but firm braless tits—with every-

thing showing but the nipples—a great figure, and a face like an angel.

She told me her name was Erika and said she was 23 years old. Luckily for me, she spoke perfect English. I told her I was 25, single and that I loved her country. I said I planned to live in Germany and was going to take German lessons as soon as I got settled down. Well, we spent the rest of the evening together dancing, drinking and talking. One thing led to another, and she asked me if I'd like to go to her place to smoke some hash. Naturally, I agreed.

Once there, we smoked a couple of bowls. Then she excused herself and disappeared into the bedroom. When she returned, my eyes almost popped out of

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



BABY WANTS TO PLAY

by Rick Adams

my head! She had on a white dress made like a little girl's, white knee socks and white patent-leather shoes. I didn't know what to think—especially when she rushed over to my armchair and piped, "Hi, Daddy!" Then she pouted and said, "Daddy, I've been a bad girl today, and Mommy said you should spank me."

I wasn't into this spanking stuff; so I told her I wouldn't spank her this time if she'd do what I said. But this didn't make her happy at all. She started stomping her foot and said she wasn't going to obey me. She insisted that she was a bad girl and that I'd have to punish her to make her mind.

By this time I found I was getting

horny. In fact, I was ready for action. I took my cock out and told her to hold it. But Erika wouldn't do it. So I said, "Come here and lie on my lap. You're going to get a spanking, you bad girl." She immediately fell across my lap, facedown, with my eight-inch dick still out and hard as a rock.

I pulled the German girl's dress up and her panties down. When I whacked her shapely ass, I could tell she was getting turned on. And so was I. She was squirming and squealing, saying she'd be good. And her panties, which were hugging her ass cheeks, were soaking wet.

"Now, Erika," I said, "suck Daddy's cock." She pouted her lips and lowered her head to my prick, taking the crown into her mouth and licking and sucking on it. I began to feel guilty about enjoying the kinkiness of this bizarre scene I was acting out. But all of my doubts faded when she began to milk my eight inches.

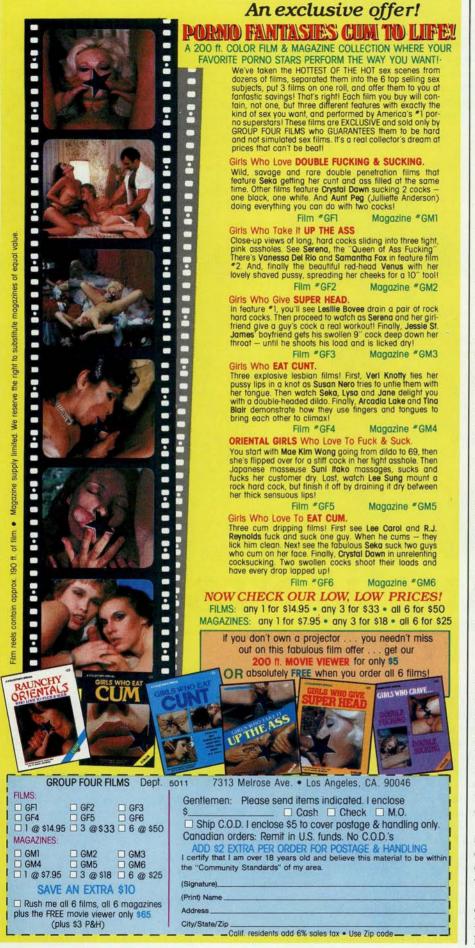
In no time at all I felt a powerful orgasm building in my balls; so I sat back in my chair and relished it. "Daddy's going to pour all his cum down your throat, Erika," I said. "Make sure you swallow it all." I could hardly believe my own words. But she happily took my jism down her throat without losing a drop.

When she had sucked me dry, she asked, "May I go play with my toys now, Dad-

dy?" I don't know if this 23-year-old had any toys or not, but no way was I going to let her leave. I was just getting started with this "little girl" she claimed to be. I told her she'd been a bad girl and must be taught a further lesson.

"Oh, Daddy! I'll be a good little girl. Please don't punish me anymore," she whined. But her eyes were sparkling with lust. I assured her that the whole thing hurt me as much as it did her. But I commanded her to take her clothes off and wait there.

I went into the bathroom and took off all my clothes. It was time for Erika to see her "daddy" with nothing on. I found some hand lotion in the medicine cabinet and took it back into the living



room. Wow! She was standing there, nude, with her pussy shaved clean and with titties that had nipples which stuck out like bullets.

"Lean over the back of this chair," I told her, pulling the armchair around and away from the wall. She did so, sticking her fine ass straight up in the air. I rubbed some lotion on my cock and then smeared some all over her puckered asshole, which flared out when I put my finger up it.

Holding her hips, I slid my big dick into her tight ass, inch by inch—gently at first, then with a more-powerful thrust, until my balls began flopping

against her spread-out cheeks.

"Oh, Daddy! Fuck me, fuck me!" she screamed as I rammed her ass savagely.

When at long last I fired my load, Erika came screaming to an orgasm just

seconds later.

After we caught our breath, I pulled out and told her to go get a washcloth and wash my dick off. She hurried into the bathroom while I pushed the armchair back against the wall and fell into it, exhausted. After she came back and washed the shit and sperm off my spent cock, she knelt in front of me and started sucking on it. Before long, it was hard again and aching to get at her hot pussy.

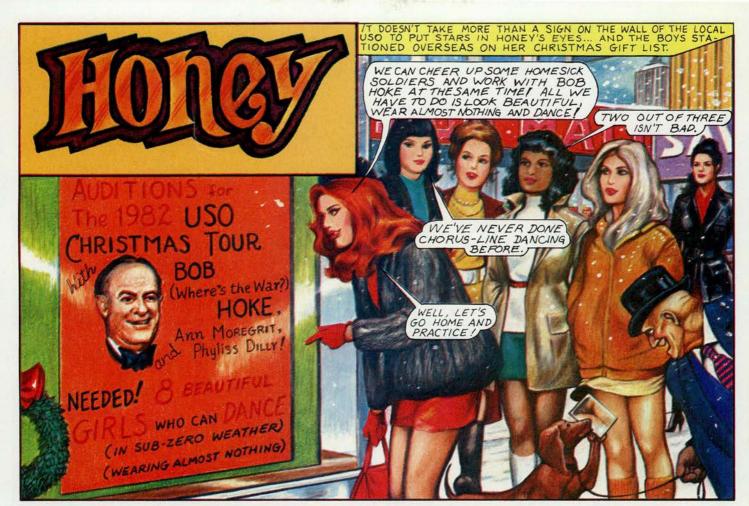
I smacked her across the ass and ordered her to go to her room, get into bed and wait for "Daddy." She ran into the bedroom, and when I joined her, she had pulled the covers of her queen-size bed up under her chin like she was scared of me. Trembling, she said, "I'll be a good girl."

"No," I snapped, "you still haven't learned your lesson. I'm going to fuck your little pussy!" I tore away the covers, fell between her outspread legs and buried my face into her sweet-tasting cunt. And I sucked it until she reached a shuddering climax.

By now my rock-hard dick was ready to break. I moved up and planted it in her sopping cunt. "Oh, fuck me, Daddy, fuck me!" she said, throwing her legs over my shoulders in the buck position. I drove my dick so far up her pussy, I thought my balls would go in with it. We fucked for the next hour, me ramming my prick into her to the hilt and she slamming that hot pussy back at me until both of us came to mind-blowing climaxes.

Afterward we lay back in bed and smoked some more hashish, with Erika cuddled up next to me like a happy, contented kitten. And I must admit I was pretty contented myself.

I stayed with her for the next few days, and then I moved on to Kassel. But whenever I was in town, I made it a point to visit "Daddy's little girl."









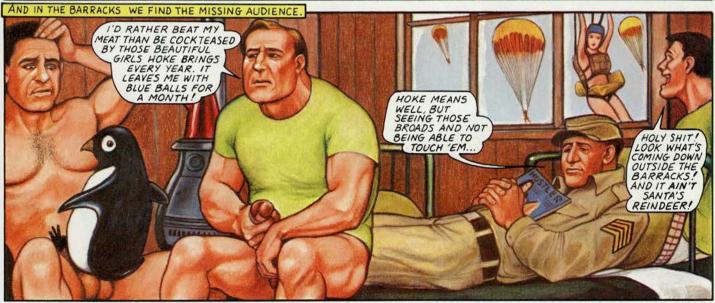






















This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides complaining to us, we suggest you address your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

SHORTER LOOPS

The adult-film industry, like every industry in America these days, is feeling the economic pinch. Evidence of this comes in the new, shorter 8mm and Super 8 loops being manufactured by Caballero Control Corporation, one of the nation's largest porn producers and evidently the first to make the change to the shorter reels.

The newest batch of the Collection and Swedish Erotica series of reels, both produced by Caballero, are considerably trimmed. Until recently a reel bearing one of these titles contained approximately 170 to 190 feet of film. Now you can expect only about 110 feet per reel—in the same size box and for the same price.

A spokesman for Caballero told us the increasing price of silver (which is used in the manufacture of movie film) is responsible for the reduced product size. We've also been informed that new boxes indicating the reduced footage (and/or running time of the film) are being manufactured so as not to mislead consumers.

Of course, Caballero is not the only company to cut back. Our information tells us that producers of other film series—including Suze's Centerfolds, Golden Girls and Limited Edition—are preparing to make the change.

With the quantity in porn loops decreasing per unit, it's all the more important to make sure you buy quality material. Keep an eye on Mail-

Order Feedback for clues about where to get the best stuff for the best prices.

MORE GOOD TALK

Apparently, our column in November 1982 about a reputable phone-sex company has inspired many new fans of audio erotica. We've received lots of letters asking us to point out more good connections. This month we call your attention to Cumfort Home Phone Service. Run by a super lady known as "Joy," Cumfort aims to please.

According to Joy, "Phone sex is not sleazy, nor is it something to be afraid of. I'm there for the intimacy and the fantasy that comes from anonymity. Guys tell me things that they've never told anyone, not even their wives. I really become a friend to them, and that's why I get so many repeat customers. After all, it's way more fun to fuck a friend than a stranger."

Indeed, Joy's Cumfort Home Phone Service is a most satisfying experience. We even tested it on one of our staff members, with good results.

"There's so much money to be made in this business that there's just no excuse for ripoffs or dishonesty," Joy adds. "We help men and women get in touch with their sexuality. It's a great experience."

To get in touch with Joy or any of her talkative staff, call (213) 654-7345. The first call will cost you \$25. Thereafter, if you wish to talk to the same girl, the charge is \$1.75 per minute, and the meter doesn't start running until the conversation gets "sexual." When asked if charging by the minute distracts the caller, Joy replied, "Most of our calls last between ten and 15 minutes. So the guys are actually saving money as opposed to the other companies that charge a flat rate. I've never had a problem satisfying a man in ten minutes-and I don't believe I ever will!"

SEXY READING

Although this isn't the book-review section of the magazine, we'd like to mention a comprehensive, creative guide called Oral Sex Made Easy. It's by International Sex Institute Ltd. and is published by the Family & Health Improvement Society (P.O. Box 952, Cambridge, OH 43725).

The 40-page, paperbound manual contains 11 chapters on everything

from historical anecdotes to well-detailed descriptions of 69 and sexual massage. If, after reading this book, you don't know how to use your tongue in bed, you might as well retire from lovemaking completely.

The inflated \$15 price tag is a bit much for the quantity of reading material. But if your oral technique could use some work, this book may be a wise investment. It's available by mailorder, and there's no delivery charge.

NO SHOWERS

I recently received the videotape <u>Deep Inside</u>
<u>Annie Sprinkle</u> from Select Direct of Hollywood, California. The movie had been
edited to such an extent that no golden
showers or watersports were shown. After
reading the review of this film (which got
a Full Erection) back in the April 1982
HUSTLER, I was dissatisfied with my
butchered print. What gives? —M. R.
Tyler, Texas

Select Direct, a distributor of this tape, is not at fault here. In fact, if anyone's to blame for your edited Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle, it's our country's legal system. According to the law, obscenity is defined on a local basis. In other words, any given community can decide what is or is not obscene. In your great state of Texas, films containing golden showers have been ruled obscene. Therefore, porn distributors that market their products nationwide are careful not to risk prosecution by allowing "obscene" films (or videotapes) into states or municipalities where such material could get them into legal troubles.

We spoke with the producer of Annie Sprinkle, Video-X Pictures, and found out that two versions of the video were manufactured: one uncut edition to be shown in states like New York, where the obscenity laws are much more lenient; and one "edited" version for customers living in more-conservative areas of the United States.

By the way, when HUSTLER reviewed Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle last year, we sent our film critic to a special screening in New York City, where the film was shown in its complete, uncut version. That is why the critique includes comments on Annie's "kinky passion for watersports." We're sorry you were unable to purchase the unedited videotape, but that's the unfortunate result of judicial tinkering with the First Amendment.



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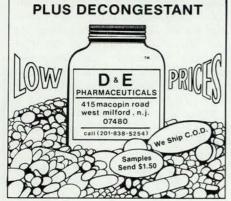
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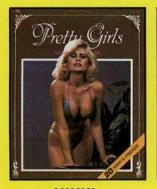
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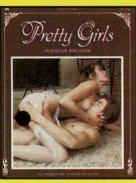
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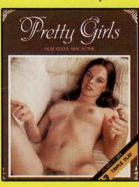
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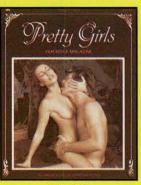
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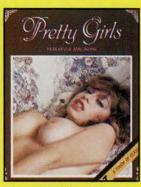
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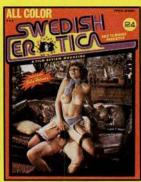
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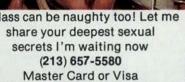
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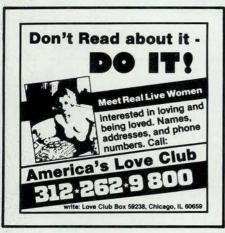


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SEX PLAY

(continued from page 32)

the realities of removing an unplanned fetus from a lover's body is more than enough to shock the male into acquiring a new interest in and perspective on pregnancy prevention.

Increasingly, abortion clinics are finding it helps a male get through the trauma if he shares not only the pre- and post-abortion counseling but also the actual procedure. At one time this notion was rejected for some of the same reasons once used to keep men out of the delivery room—that they'd be in the way or violate the sterile environment.

Sharing the procedure as a couple seems to reduce some of the trauma afterward. Ralph, a 30-year-old restaurateur, says: "When we found out about the pregnancy and started to discuss the option of abortion, I was determined to go through it with my wife. I'd gone through the delivery of our two kids; so why not this?" For Ralph, sharing the abortion was "one of the best things that has happened to our marriage."

For both a man and woman the ordeal of an abortion strains not only a couple's emotional links but their sexual relationship as well. "For a good month or two I felt like sex was repulsive," said an abortion patient in the book Our Bodies, Ourselves. "We'd start to make love, and I'd feel, 'I hope I don't have to pay for this.' Also, we were using a diaphragm for the first time, and I didn't trust it yet. My husband was gentle and tried to help by pulling out to ejaculate outside my vagina."

Sometimes a woman's reaction to sex after an abortion can be even more radical and pose new problems for the male partner. Ms. Pentz of All Womens Health recalls that when she speaks with patients about birth control, they often reject it, insisting, "I'll never have sex again." Overly conscious of their woman's fears, many men say that for months after the abortion they find themselves pulling out before coming.

Such reactions serve to emphasize the importance of counseling and honest emotional exchange when an abortion touches a couple's life. "A close and supportive relationship," observed Dr. Michael Carrera in Sex: The Facts, the Acts and Your Feelings, "both before a termination [of a pregnancy] and after is enormously helpful. Being able to express fears and ambivalence, knowing that feelings will be accepted and respected, makes the decision to have an abortion less alienating."

Despite the claim that an abortion can destroy a relationship, Ralph's reaction, according to Ms. Pentz, is common: "If it's a love relationship, abortion can bring a man and woman closer." Echoing this sentiment is Michael Bracken, Ph.D., of the Yale University School of Medicine: "Having an abortion is not going to send a marriage onto the rocks unless that's the course it's already sailing."

The actual reason to abort obviously plays a role in how a man will face the experience. When a rape has occurred, the man will feel that his lover's abortion represents the ugly aftershock of her violation and could be so unnerving that the relationship disintegrates. He also may suffer more pangs of guilt for having failed to protect her from harm than he would feel in a rape not resulting in pregnancy. The man who wants children will often live in constant fear that his wife will never get over the hurt of her rape to one day give birth to his own child. Rape only adds more stress to a difficult situation and warrants a program of counseling for the couple.

Probably the situation that's most emotionally damaging on a couple is when a wanted pregnancy must be terminated at a relatively late date because the fetus is found to be severely diseased or deformed. While only 10% of abortions are performed after the first 12 weeks of pregnancy, these therapeutic abortions are on the increase because more and more couples are delaying childbirth until later in life, when parental, age-related disorders such as Down's syndrome (mongolism) can occur.

Destroying a baby that a couple had been counting on can produce sleeplessness, withdrawal and extreme guilt in both women and men. John C. Fletcher, Ph.D., of the National Institutes of Health says: "There's a lot of guilt about being a carrier [of a genetic defect] and a lot of blaming. If the wife's the carrier, the man thinks of all the other women he might have married. I've actually seen women encourage their husbands to have affairs or to leave them."

In one case of a late abortion a husband and his wife actually buried the fetus in a gravesite service with a minister presiding. "Nobody really thought we could lose something that hadn't been born," said Bill Clifford. "I felt we did."

A University of California study on the effects of post-12-week abortions on couples found that even though the abortions were done purely for medical reasons, four out of 13 couples separated during the pregnancy or soon after.

Unfortunately, some unmarried women—particularly very young ones—put off their abortions until it is sometimes too late, hoping their lovers will marry them. Although these women don't all want to marry the father, or to postpone

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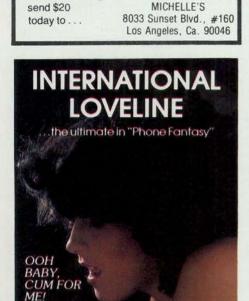
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CLIMAX ANYWAY • ANYDAY • 24 HRS. MC • VISA • AE • OR DISCREET MONTHLY BILLING • (213) 484-2313 their careers for motherhood, many of them simply long to hear him at least offer that alternative.

Pregnancy termination, along with birth control, is even more controversial from the religious point of view. While birth control prevents the start of a new life, the Roman Catholic faith sees abortion as having to do with a life that has already begun. This belief dates back to 1869, when Pope Pius IX reinstituted the doctrine that the soul enters the body at the moment of conception; from that moment on the fetus is therefore a person. In other words, the current position among Catholic believers is clear: Abortion is murder.

Furthermore, because in Catholicism the fetus is said to have a soul upon conception, it must be baptized in order to remove original sin. Catholic men not only must deal with abortion as "murder" but also with the fact that their unborn child has been condemned to limbo. Even Catholic men who do not consider themselves religious will face problems. They'll have to confront the often-heated objections of other family members, especially those of parents. The situation can be worsened when relatives are first informed of the abortion after it's been performed.

Remember, there are three basic options for the male to consider should he and his lover face an unplanned pregnancy: (1) Have his partner continue the pregnancy; (2) continue the pregnancy but relinquish the child for adoption; (3) proceed with an abortion.

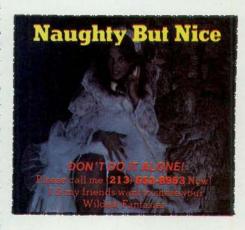
Once it has been decided to abort, it is essential to make arrangements as quickly as possible. Each week of delay significantly increases the risk of abortion-related medical complications.

HUSTLER recommends you contact Planned Parenthood, which has chapters in most major cities. The organization offers a referral list of approved abortion clinics, along with expert counseling for couples.

Support seems to be the pivotal word in any discussion of the male trauma of abortion. Support not just of the woman by the man, but a mutual support from which the partners may take their strength to move through the crisis situation and survive its aftershocks. Male abortion counseling and shared abortion procedure are steps in the right direction.

Hopefully, these steps will end nightmarish experiences like those of Edward Karnoff, who was mentioned at the beginning of this article. A mature approach to abortion, together with the counseling now available, will enable men and women to realize that sex, in all its joys and more so its ramifications, is a mutual responsibility.







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(continued from page 110)

down on it, lips and tongue and throat all seeming to grasp me convulsively.

I fell back, my head twisting left and right as she worked me in a way I'd never known, every nerve in my penis stroked at once—the pressure building, building. I wanted to hold back so we could take this trip together.

I tried to focus my eyes, staring at her lovely, flat belly and at the panties that tried to cover her thick, black bush. Desperate to hold off, I wanted to take her with my tongue. I reached my hand across the short space between us, defying the pain. I pulled the sheer fabric down enough to get it out of the way. My mouth found her wet cunt lips beneath the soft, curly hair. I heard her moan and felt her mouth ease away from me. But only for a moment, and then she was back.

Now I worked *her*, with long strokes of my tongue. They started between her thighs and came up to her belly. My lips and chin and nose touched her, caressing her flesh.

She was getting wetter, her thighs and belly moving against me in a rhythm of her own. I licked and kissed with it, knowing she was building, faster and faster. So was I. The musky, lustful

smell of her, the taste of honey, the tug of her passion would be too much for me in another moment.

So I drew back and reached for her hand, murmuring her name: "Anne, Anne..."

She knew what I wanted. Like a cat, she twisted around, bringing her face close to mine. Her eyes shone like black lights. She reached around with one arm and rolled me on top of her. Those yielding breasts cushioned the weight that pressed against my ribs.

Her thighs opened to take me, and I drove hard—welding our bodies together with primal heat as she closed her silken legs to hold me tight and deep. She clung, then eased away and back, away and back. At last we were thrusting violently, the tide rising to engulf us in crashing waves of feeling that burst again and again. Then our own inner currents rose to join its power, and suddenly we were drowned in pleasure. . . .

It seemed like a long time before I was standing, fully clothed again, looking down at Roy Sellers' corpse. "They'll call it murder, Anne," I said. "We've got to move out, quick. He's no great loss, but a backwoods-county jury won't see it that way. Still, there's no reason for anyone to know we were ever

But the cat knew we were there.

Back in the store, I looked through the cracked glass. Nothing had changed: just three cars parked in a row on a street paved with oysters, and two bloody messes that used to be called Paul and Larry. Then it came to me. Sellers was going to be number three. But I didn't have time to work out anything tricky.

I turned to Anne. "I'm taking Sellers out. We can't have him found here. He's got to look like another victim of the panther. When I get him out, be ready to close the door fast if—well, if I'm not faster than the cat is."

She began to protest, but I grabbed her gently by the shoulders. "I'm sorry, Anne. That's how it's gotta be. There's just no time for other plans. But this oughta work if I move fast—starting right now!"

Carefully, I slid the cabinet away from the door. If the cat was taking a nap, I sure as hell didn't want to wake it. I turned to Anne, trying not to think about what was waiting for me outside. She clung to me, her lips alive on mine. It might be the last kiss, and I wanted it to be good. It was.

She helped me sit Sellers up, and she held him there while I squatted down, facing away from him. Then she leaned him across my shoulders, and I grabbed him and slowly stood up, the pain in my chest almost more than I could bear. Almost.

Silently, she opened the door. Stooped under the dead man's weight, I moved through the doorway. I took one step, two. A board creaked. I straightened, took two more fast ones, then stooped again with a quick twist and flung Sellers at the blur of white that was already in mid-leap to my left.

It slowed the panther no more than a second, but it was enough. I was back through the door before the commissioner's body hit the sidewalk. Anne slammed the door, and we blocked it with our bodies against the cat's lunge that was sure to come. With a scream that should have shattered glass, the beast raged against the wooden panels, carving trails through the varnished oak like it was balsa.

Suddenly, it dropped with a snarl and leaped on Sellers' huddled body, savaging the remains as we stared through the heavy glass. In less than a minute there was only shredded meat where a man had been.

Fury spent, the panther preened itself again, licking its bloodstained paws daintily. Then, without a sound, without a look in our direction, it moved away.

For maybe minutes we didn't speak,



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didn't move. We just tried to steady the shaking in our legs—and to keep our last meal down. I didn't want to do what had to be done. Finally, I took as deep a breath as I could.

"If it's gonna hole up somewhere," I said to Anne, "it oughta be gone by now. If not, maybe it won't be ready for a rematch this soon. It's now or never. When I'm out of this door, close it and wait like you did before," I told her. "I can get to the jeep in five seconds. There's a Winchester in it, and it's loaded. I'll finish off the cat the minute it shows. I'll signal you as soon as it's safe to come out.

"When the authorities get here, they'll find Paul, Larry and Sellers—all killed by a huge cat. You and I will be long gone, and nobody will ever know we were here."

She seemed about to cry. "What about ... Paul's body? We can't just—"

I took her in my arms for a brief moment. "I'm sorry, Anne. I know your husband deserves better than being left in the street. So does Larry. But our only chance is to get out ahead of the next county car—and I mean us to make it."

I turned to the door and silently pulled it open. There was no sign of the cat. I tried to be quiet as I crossed the creaky boardwalk, which suddenly seemed as wide as the one in Atlantic

City. Then I was in the street and sprinting the last few steps, running for the jeep. I had to get that shotgun and kill the cat before it killed me. I wasn't as optimistic as I'd led Anne to believe.

There was a scream out of hell somewhere behind me. But now I was in the front seat of the jeep, my hands lunging for the gun. The panther must have been on the roof of Clyde's drugstore.

Like a bale of barbed wire, it came down through the top of the jeep and smashed me across the seat, scratching and tearing through the canvas. Its massive bulk pinned me down, and my already-broken ribs cut into me like daggers. The cat could shred me in seconds—but I'd take it with me.

I twisted, bringing the shotgun up from the floor, got its barrel up by my side, worked my left arm along the bore to steady the weapon, and slid my right hand down to the trigger.

The cat's face snarled above me. A wet strip of canvas dangled from jaws that could take off my face in one bite. I couldn't wait any longer. I squeezed the trigger

The blast kicked the Winchester from my hands—but the fighting weight was gone. I struggled up, wondering if I had hit the cat or if it was just crouching for another spring. But all I could see was Anne running toward me, and the look on her face told me all I needed to know. The war was over at last in Chuli. We'd made it—together.

A week later we were in the Everglade Motel, in a resort town right on the Gulf of Mexico, looking forward to long days on the beach to heal the wounds in body and mind. The local newspaper had carried a news story about the tragic incident, as it was called, at Chuli. The report said that Sellers and the deputy had stopped to help a motorist who was being mauled by a huge white panther. All three had been killed by the giant cat, which apparently had been shot dead by the dying deputy.

In a hastily called meeting, Sellers' fellow county commissioners had paid tribute to his bravery. Police from miles around had escorted Larry's body to the cemetery in a procession of green-and-white patrol cars. Both men had been given become function

given heroes' funerals.

But I had another funeral to take care of—the one for the *real* hero that day in Chuli. I sent \$350 in cash to the coroner in a plain envelope to pay for a decent burial for Paul.

One morning, Anne and I walked along the beach. Gulls swooped and called to each other in their raucous way, and the surf had gentled down to only a murmur. We strolled in silence for a while.

I could sense that something was bothering Anne, and finally she spoke up. "Bill, what Sellers said about you in Vietnam. Was it really true?"

I knew she had to ask that question. And I knew I had to answer it.

"It was, Anne," I admitted. "It was my platoon. I was leading my men through heavy jungle. The guy behind me triggered a mine. How I missed it, I'll never know. When I came to, everything was quiet. The explosion had knocked me off the trail and into the undergrowth—I was hidden from sight. My men were dead. If the mine didn't kill them, the Viet Cong must have. All I know is, I made it back... and there wasn't a mark on me."

But I knew there was one more question, one more answer. I hated it.

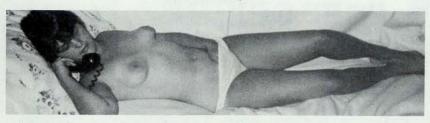
"Well-what happened then?"

"I told my story. Nobody believed it. In a wipeout, somebody's always got to be wrong. I was it."

I took a deep breath. I didn't like talking about it—didn't like thinking about it. Yet it was a relief to get it out. "They gave me a summary court-martial and a dishonorable discharge—for cowardice."

Anne took my hand. Her smile said it all.

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GREENHOUSE EFFECT

(continued from page 60)

we are truly interested in our planet's remaining habitable.

If we decide we don't give a damn about future generations, the next step is clear: keep on doing what we've been doing. But if we don't want to flood our coastal cities, turn our fertile croplands into deserts, spark wars over dwindling food supplies or change our beautiful planet into a hostile hell where no living thing could exist, we must act now.

Yet now may already be too late. Nature, the respected British journal of science, put the predicament succinctly and bluntly in one of its 1979 issues:

"The release of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere by the burning of fossil fuels is, conceivably, the most important environmental issue in the world today." What was true then is even more so in 1983.

One positive step forward would be to point the finger of blame at those who are causing and contributing to the Greenhouse Effect dilemma. This roll call of shame includes:

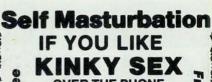
• General Motors, the Ford Motor Company, the Chrysler Corporation and American Motors—for continuing to produce motor vehicles that pollute the environment and for spending tens of millions of dollars on lobbying campaigns against pollution reduction.

• Exxon, Mobil, Texaco, Standard Oil of California and all the other fossilfuel-refining, multinational corporations that take the consumer's money but care little about his welfare. A 1981 Atlantic-Richfield Oil Company study, for example, stated that "some people who die from air pollution are unemployed and therefore have no economic value."

• American Electric Power, General Motors, U. S. Steel and other American companies whose smokestacks stain the skies with residues of coal stoked in their furnaces.

• The shortsightedness of Ronald Reagan and his yes-men who, along with other self-serving politicians, have attempted to gut the Clean Air Act. In doing so, they have placed the needs of special-interest groups above the far greater needs of mankind in general.

Skeptics like these—who casually throw stones at the Greenhouse Effect theory—would be well advised to consider one truth: They are now living in a glass house that is certain to destroy their descendants. To help prevent that shattering eventuality, we urge you to write your elected representatives. Let them know that you're not going to sit still while this scourge is passed to future generations.



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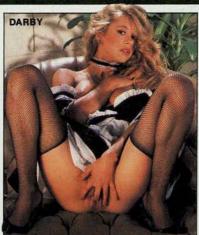
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IERT MONTH

February issue on sale December 21, 1982



SIZZLING PHOTOS—The action never stops in HUSTLER's arousing February pictorials. In BEAUTY IN THE MAKING a lovely sculptress and her model discover their mutual lust. Then you'll join the sensual KRISTEN, who's GETTING READY for a hot night on the town and can't wait for her date to come. And, finally, you'll plunge into the savage beauty of our centerfold, DARBY, as she enjoys an afternoon of frenzied passion among a collection of hunting weapons. She's FAIR GAME for anyone with the lust to tame her animal desires.

GERM WARFARE - Weapons as inhu-

man and sadistic as atomic bombs have been in use for hundreds of years. As Ben Pesta's article points out, disease-spreading germs and paralyzing nerve gases pose just as ominous a threat to mankind's existence as do neutron bombs. Even more frightening is the fact that no one is protesting our continued manufacture of these weapons—because until now Americans have been kept ignorant on this subject.

AMERICA'S GREATEST SHAME—The systematic killing off of its native citizens is America's shameful legacy. Now, though, the American Indians want to get even. As Bill Lawren's revealing interview with American Indian leader Vernon Bellecourt points out, what hangs in the balance in this new war with the Indians are political and economic rights, land, and the recognition by all of us of a horrible American injustice.

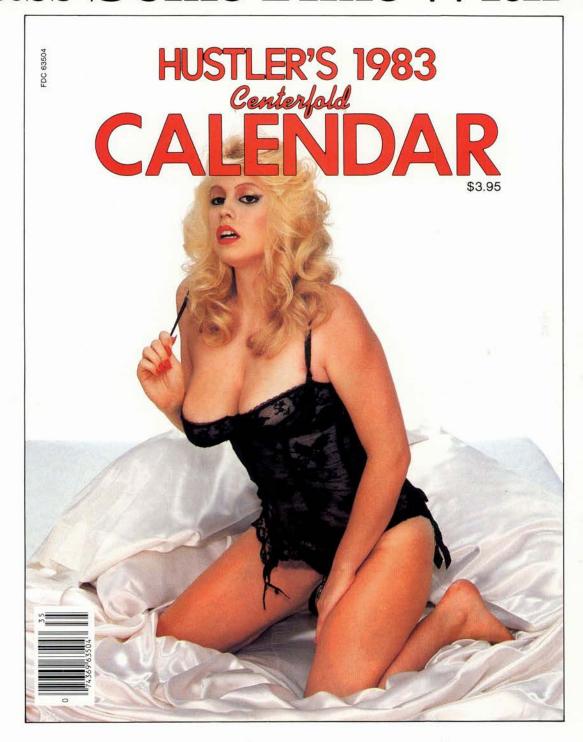
A MAN CALLED BRAVO—J. R. Regis' February fiction concerns the world's greatest living mercenary—a fierce warrior with a heart of gold. When Jake Bravo is hired to infiltrate heroin trafficking in Southeast Asia, he doesn't realize that this mission will test to the limit both his humanity and his killer instinct.

PLUS—SEX PLAY explores the tragedy of incest, an ugly crime whose worst victims are defenseless children. ADVISE & CONSENT offers insight on hang-ups and turn-ons, and BEAVER HUNT features a wide selection of

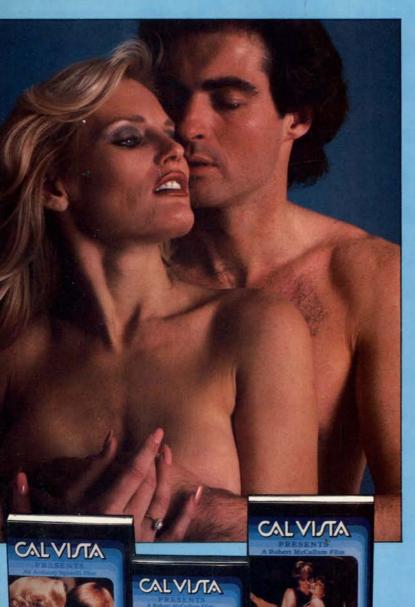
beauties. KINKY KOR-NER provides a titillating real-life experience about getting sex in a place where you'd least expect it, and MAIL-ORDER FEED-BACK tells you everything you need to know about consumer perils. And, last but not least, HUSTLER HUMOR and BITS & PIECES will brighten your day with loads of riotous laughter.



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